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THE FATEFUL HORSESHOE;

Or,

A STORY OF LUCK.

By ALVAH MILTON KERR.

They were pitching horseshoes in Sacktown when I arrived, and of such moment was the proceedings scarcely a glance of regard was proffered me. This was indeed noteworthy, since I was a stranger riding a smart young horse down Sacktown's main street. But Sacktown was amused, and hanging tremblingly upon the whim of Fortune, with something of the intensity of a lover watching for the blessed light of consent on the fatal shadow of refusal in a maiden' face.

The day was a Fourth of July, and Sacktown's most proficient "pitcher," a bald and ruddy old Pioneer, was measuring potencies with the Bottoms, as represented in the person of its most skillful player, a bine-eyed, shock-haired youth, known throughout the region as Satan Joe; this was why my lay advent came untouched of glory.

The town lay between two long green hills in western Missouri, untroubled by steam, uneven by the paved kerb. Little gnawed of care and with seemingly few annuitants greater than watching the airy gyres of the buck-bringing horseshoe.

The game was in progress across the street from the Sacktown house, a weatherbeaten affair, which had seen some importance in stage coach days, and the long sagging veranda was abloom with Sacktown's beauty. Several of the faces were rosy and wholesome, but the general tone, despite a plethora of red and yellow ribbons, was that of a diet of fat meat, corn bread and asthmatic biscuits.

"Leaner!" cried the referee, and Satan Joe of the Bottoms had pitched a shoe. "Yaas," said a canned Sacktownite, craning up his neck with a visible tremor, "yaas, th' tarnal theng's leanin' ergin th' mog! That's forty-eight ter fur Satan an' Uncle Sile's on'y got in forty-five. Fifty's the game, ye know. Whew!"

Uncle Sile took up his two horseshoes, stepping in with his heel against the mog, poised himself carefully and pitched. Down came the iron shoe upon the one leaning against the opposite mog, spurning it away with a jingle of metallic notes and settling with a tremor in its place; up went a shout, and Sacktown clapped its hands in approval. Satan Joe lifted one of his bare brown feet and stroked it on the hot dust impatiently. Unconsciously he pulled back the sleeves from his sun-burned wrists and spat in his hands. Uncle Sile made the same strengthening preparation but with grave deliberation, then steadied himself, and away went his shoe. It came down two feet beyond the objective pin, spun round and lay with corks up. The Bottoms groaned dejectedly.

"Satan forty-eight, Uncle Sile forty-seven," said the referee, pushing back the limp hattrim from his reeking forehead. A hush fell on the crowd. The men, mainly weatherbeaten, unshaven fellows, chewed their tobacco and furiously and expectorated momentarily.

"Now, Joe, knock in my gittin' in a ringer an' we got 'em!" bawled Hank Ivers of the Bottoms, pushing his way to the front excitedly, "I got er gallon uv whisky up on ye, Joe; ef ye don't win I'll dance on y'r coffin, shore!"

Satan Joe, half way to the opposite ground pin, stopped and gave the speaker an angry look, then went on. He caught up his brace of shoes, set his tough brown heels against the mog, flung back the mat of hair from his forehead with a sweep of the hand, and his eyes fixed upon the ground-pin thirty-five feet away. He stepped one foot forward and his first shoe shot upward and outward. It described a beautiful curve, turning like a wheel laid flat upon the air, and descended upon the pin, but bounded off and rolled away.

"Put 'er bell onter thet ar shoe!" cried a Sacktown fellow. The crowd laughed. Hank Ivers swore under his breath. The shock-haired youth poised his second shoe and sent it upon the track of the first. It came down plumply around the peg, biting its corks firmly into the ground and remained.

"I come up ter try er ergain, uncle Sile."

"Ringer!" said the referee, and Sacktown groaned and the Bottoms shouted.

Uncle Sile stepped in by the pin, threw off his hat and drew up his sleeves. He poised himself with great care, and the hush deepened. Just as he drew back his hand to pitch, a freckle-faced girl rose up from her seat on the porch and called out, "You, Pap!" The old man turned his head. "Wal, what air it, Sue?" he asked.

"Oh, nothin'," and with a confused blush the girl sat down. Her call was obviously a warning, but whether or not its peculiar intonation implied that she wished her father to lose or win was impossible of discovery. Satan Joe glanced from the porch and the sunburn of his face deepened its red. The old man laughed queerly, pushed up his sleeve again, and up and away went the first shoe. Not a breath was held its breath. Only one chance remained for the town to continue its grasp upon the championship; must the honor go to the devoted Bottoms? Carried away, too, by a stripling! Uncle Sile took off his glasses, wiped and adjusted them, drew in his breath, settled himself firmly on his feet, peered keenly at the distant pin, threw back his arm and sped the revolving shoe upon its journey. He stood with hand uplifted and open mouth watching the gyrating shoe until, with a clang of smiting metal, it struck, then he leaped into the air and let go a triumphant bark or laughter. There was a roar of victorious cries from the Sacktownites.

"Ringer!" shouted the referee. "Top shoe counts; ringer counts three; Uncle Sile fifty p'nts, Satan Joe forty-eight; game out!"

Sacktown's beauty rose and shook its cotton kerchief at Uncle Sile approvingly; Sacktown's brawn smote him on the back, yelled and started on a run for the saloon. Was it not the "Fourth," and was not their Uncle Sile still the horseshoe king of the valley? Joe looked forward at the porch, turning his head as he had done in his absent fashion. Hank Ivers pushed an angry face through the crowd towards Uncle Sile and the referee, "Yer cheated, yeh don't! No, yeh don't; durned if ye do, spit 'twixt! Not while Hank Ivers is round! Thet lie' threw wus ce tie!" he snarled through his mustache. "Thet hez got ter be pitched over, er durned ef that wont be a public 'round heart I'm frum th' Bottoms, an' yeh 'ent ride over us, fer ye jog full!" He pushed Uncle Sile back roughly.

"Ye keep y'r han's offen him," said the vanquished Joe. "He beat me fair an' square. Nobody 'eeks er ornery coward 'd lay er rough hand on er one man like him."

"Ye keep blattin', ye young whelp, or I'll wring y'r gawl weth ye in er minnet," snarled the burly Ivers, livid, raucous.

"It's been my hand's often enough people 'ev'll hev it ter do," said Joe, with flashing eyes.

With an oath Ivers leaped at him. In the same instant the sinewy stripling stooped down and seizing the shoe his body like a bolt along the ground. It was the most rapid and dexterous movement I ever witnessed in a physical encounter. The youth's head passed between the rushing limbs midway from ankle to knee and his shoulders swept the feet from under him and sent them flying in the air, and down Ivers came upon his face in shocking fashion. With incredible swiftness the youth whipped about and planted his bare foot on the back of the fallen man's neck, pinning him to the ground.

"Fer ur peck of oats I'd shet off y'r wind, shore," said this modern Avid, through his teeth. Then suddenly he sprang backward, picked up his hat and set it on his shock of hair. "Git up, Hank, an' wash y'r face an' go home," he said. "Git y'rself an' Gardeen p'inted fore ye leave th' Bottoms ergin." With that he turned on his heel, and, pushing out through the cheering crowd, mounted a mule, which was hitched to a post, and rode off toward the Bottoms. As he neared the elbow, where the road turned to cross the creek, he looked back. The freckle-faced girl stuck her handkerchief into the air and smiled. He took off his hat, waved it, sent it back a long Indianlike yell to the crowd, then passed out of sight.

By this time the stunned and dusty Ivers had got on his feet and was being led away to the saloon, cursing as he went. The people were laughing and moving about, and commenting forcibly and inelegantly enough upon the several phases of the contest.

"Hit wus er slow shave fur Uncle Sile, shore," said a Bottomite.

"Yaas, th' boy pitches a purty sp'rite; no gittin' 'round thet," answered a Sacktownite, conciliatingly. "An' th' way he plied Hank Ivers! Did ye see hit? Wy, 'e jes' thrashed 'im onter th' ground like er empty pair uv pants! Haw, haw!"

"Yaas, I seed hit! Haw, haw, haw!"

"Say," in a confidential undertone, "I hearn Satan Joe wus shinin' 'round Uncle Sile's gal Sue. Yeh hearn anythen uv hit? No? Wal, my ole woman says thet she hearn thet Trace Hyler's woman tole Jed Heater's sister thet she learn frum Nance Teeter, what's workin' at Uncle Sile's, thet Satan w'n he worked thar on spell in cornplantin', tuck er great shine ter Sue, an' thet now ever time he goes er huntin' he comes up 'round thet way. Uncle Sile has been er-laffin' 'bout hit, an' says ef th' boy beats 'im pitchin' mebby he'll let 'im come ter see his gal, spite uv his bein' such er dare-devil, wuthless cuss. Haw, haw!"

"N'en th' ole man beat 'im! Wal, that's er slam on Satan, shore! But he'll hev 'er by th' time he's uv age, I bet, ef he hes ter steal 'er. That's w'y he's been pitchin'

hoss-shoes acr much uv late. I 'spec' he's gettin' on th' soft side o' 'leventy-five, fer 'e knows th' ole man's er crank on pitchin'."

Thus the conversation ran on, a thread in the woof of general opinion, which indicated that Satan Joe was entirely worthy of the epithet forerunning his proper name. I mounted my horse and after an hearty leave-taking of the others, rode out of the town. A half mile below the steepy little hamlet I was welcomed to my aunt's plain but hospitable home. Almost directly across the highway lay the farm and residence of Uncle Silas Beamer, of horseshoe fame.

The day following my arrival I walked through the beamer gate, bent on making his acquaintance. The house was a highly picturesque gray-colored structure with a gallery extending along the front. I found the owner seated on the gallery, which was veiled at either end by a green cascade of wild cucumber vines. Near him on a table stood glasses and a pitcher of julep. Twenty or more horseshoes were nailed over the front of the whining frame. I afterward learned, in some of his especial victories.

"Pitch a hoss-shoe across th' road, sir?" queried Uncle Silas. "Her neffy? Glad ye come here. Her er julep. Jest reckon some feller 'd come lang an' pitch me er game. Her! 'nother julep. Jeff Adkins stops over every day an' gives me er whirl, er some other feller. Her! 'nother julep. Git lonesome er some feller don't come here an' pitch er rewhile an' gin me er whirl. Ever pitch? Wal, ye'r' built fer it, jedgin' by the fellers air. I reckon. They don't 'pear ter know we've comfort an' fun in, jest doin' our own whisky an' rain 'round day an' night makin' money an' cheatin' one ernother, an' call hit business. Her! 'nother julep!"

We went out in the yard after a time and to the shade of the big sycamore trees my urbane host initiated me into the simple game; simple in all save intricate science. The shoes, which requires, at least in order to contest successfully with a practiced votaries of the pastime, no little accuracy and skill. I proved very lame game for the great pitcher, but greatly pleased he was to be cleared, besides, I redeemed myself as best I could with a show of enthusiasm. The surroundings were odd and pleasant, and Uncle Silas was a novelty. Behind the trunk of each of the hackwoods he had fixed a sort of shelf on which pipes, tobacco, glasses and the pitchers of julep were placed. A footway from one ground pin to the other was worn like a path in a much-used pasture. Hives of bees, surrounded with a golden cloud, stood not far away, and a number of fine hens made love to the mold in the shade along the fence, dogs lay panting here and there, and the voices of negroes singing or arging somewhere in the house, came to us with a sinister pleasantness. Everything in nature had placed her glottis in the nose, and yet somehow made the same tone.

"I pitched er putty fair game up ter town yisterday," said Uncle Silas, tentatively. "Er how 'bout th' Hamtons pitchin' ergin, me; he gin me er clus' tussle; mos' too clus' for comfort."

"Yes; I was present at the close of the game; it was very interesting," I said.

"Was ye, now?" Wal, I'm glad on't," said my host, in a gratified way. "Stay, I'll come, and holding the road, "D' ye know thet scamp's like ter be up here ergin' one er these days ter pitch another hit? Oh, he'll never gin it up! Not him! Th' trouble is, I reckon, he's a leetle of the thumb toward the nasal song. 'am I'm lookin' for 'im any minnet. He's hangs on like er hoss fer a saw when he gets ergoin'. Trouble is, 'e ain't got anything with purtickler 'am' ter pitch 'round when 'e takes er notion, but, Lor' Harry, wen 'e does take hit 'e makes dirt fly. Course 'e's un'y seventeen or eighteen year ole, an' they'd her' to wait er good long spell anyhey'd her' to git 'e th' feller 'at comes in here ter fill my shoes w'en I'm gone is got ter be er quarter as fine a pitchin' as Satan Joe ever beats me 'e mebby ken go ter work fer me an' bind me, I reckon, in the end o' time, an' 'e turns out stiddy mebby 'e'll git promoted, as they say."

Evidently the garrulous old pioneer secretly admired his youthful foe and had been practicing the fine subtleties. He looked pleased when I added an appreciative indorsement of Satan Joe's skill and approval, but shook his grizzled head at the end.

"He's got ter pitch er mighty good game 'fore 'e ken run es er candidate fer my shoes," he mildly good game," he said.

True to the squire's prediction, Satan Joe came in through the Beanie race of days later, when the master of the premises and myself were at the game. He had a day upon his shoulder, a brindle dog at his heels, and a rusty horseshoe in his hand. His blue eyes were alight, and a smile lit up his keen, tanned face.

"I reckon you're th' ergin, Uncle Silas," he said, leaning the rifle against one of the heavy-wood. "I ain't quite ready-ded; he's picked up this yere shoe in th' road anyhow es I was goin' down ter th' Tilman woods ter look fer a turkey nest an' I heard thet er hoss-shoe foun' in th' road brings good luck, which I reckon I'll do of ye ken pitch hit straight 'nuf, an' I thort I'd like ter hit th' ground, so I jes' picked hit up myself." He ended with a laugh.

Uncle Silas looked slightly troubled. He was ready to teach his visitor to a julep, a signal omission of courtesy in one commonly so urbane. He was a trifle nettled to see his hands and looked at it curiously.

"I don't think ye ken pitch hit straight thet on me, Joe," he said, with a note of uneasy laughter.

"I 'low I said thet a'mos' anything was fair in love an' fightin'," said Joe, sententiously.

Uncle Silas peered at him a moment over his glasses then lowered his eyes to meet his look clearly said, "What did I tell you."

"Wal, I s'pose a feller's got er right ter pick his own game," he said. "W'en did ye want ter pitch in?"

"Right now," said Satan Joe. "I'm goin' ter beat yer, yep."

Uncle Silas threw his hat on the grass, wiped his glasses, drank a julep, and reached e'a glass of the liquid toward his opponent. "Hev' er nip?" he said, grimly; "ye'll need hit."

"No, thank 'e, I don't keer fur any. I'm in purty fair humor 'thout it," said Satan Joe. The old man grunted derisively.

The shock-headed youth threw off his hat, rolled up his sleeves, and stood ready at the ground-pin. "I'm er namin' uv no names," he said, "but I hearn said thet er be earth passon got his meat er gitchin' hoss-shoes by er earth tother passon they was ergoin' ter let th' meat er other passon hev th' rum uv thar premerses er lettle more free like. I'm ergoin' ter hearn anywhere uv that kind. Uncle Silas!"

Uncle Silas scowled a moment between approbation and resentment. "Wal, I'm er namin' uv no names, nuther," he said, with a short laugh, "fer ter show thet I'm ergin hit nouteent but did ye ever hearn uv er earth passon ter git meat er gin rum? I wen'onct hit wus out? I reckn'e yo didn't ner never will. Stitch erhead."

The first shoe Joe trusted in the air was the rusty one found in the road. It made a fanlitness journey and entered the opposite peg like a thing of life.

"Ringer!" I cried, as referee.

Uncle Silas dashed his horseshoes upon the ground with an exclamation of disgust, drank a julep, and took them up again. Clearly his superstitious fear of the shoe had returned to him unabated, and his second shoe went wide of the mark. Then Uncle Silas had his innings. Jeff Adkins came and attempted to dislodge the offending arc of iron. At each throw he struck it, but it remained clinging to the pin. Again in the second inning, and again in the third Satan Joe encircled the opposite peg with the lucky hose, and again and yet again Uncle Silas struck in vain. Visibly disturbed by his confidence was shaken; a new element had entered into the game, and the most potential than skill. His grizzled face assumed a grave look. Was he playing against fate? His shallow, simple nature was touched with awe. The future like that child, had a character for his posterity even, hung on the action of this rusty half circle of iron. He struck it, but it remained clinging to the pin. Again in the second inning, and again in the third Satan Joe encircled the opposite peg with the lucky hoe

Then, with a wave of her hand, she bade us be seated and, gathering the filmy folds of her gown about her, she sank on a low stool at the feet of Ford, and, clasping her hands upon his knee, looked up at him and began to sing a low, sweet song in tones as weird and plaintive as the call of some late evening bird. Ford's eyes were fixed on hers with an intensity I had never seen in them before. As the song continued it grew more weird and wild, while the singer's body swayed gently to and fro. Inch by inch I saw my companion's face draw nearer and nearer the face of Karma, and I was dumbfounded at the subtility of her marvelous power to make this strong man a weakling before her. Then I heard a light footfall on the veranda, and, looking up, I saw the bent form of the little old woman as she approached with hesitating step. When she was within a few feet of us she paused, and, bowing low, addressed her mistress in a broken, trembling voice:

"Karma, I would have you come and speak to Kaza. She calls for you, and——"

At the sound of the servant's voice Karma turned quickly and, looking the old woman full in the face, opened wide her mouth and from the red depths of her throat emitted a low cat-like hiss. Her face for the moment was turned from Ford, but sitting as I was I could not fail to see the great change of expression that flashed over it for an instant. A hellish fire was in her eyes and in her crimson mouth I caught the gleam of two long rows of pointed fangs. The servant turned quickly and shambled back into the house, while her mistress turned again to Ford—a smile upon her lips, and, as she smiled, I saw again the two white rows of teeth, but they were short and square and beautiful. For an hour she sat talking with us, her voice as low and sweet as the voice of a little child, and when she arose to depart, she stretched up both of her slender hands to Ford, and, taking them in his own, he lifted her lightly from the stool, and kissed her on the lips.

"Tomorrow evening again," she whispered, as he put her from him.

"Tomorrow evening again," he answered as we turned away and left her standing in the shadows of one of the pillars of the porch.

In silence we walked back to our cramped quarters in the lodging house. I knew it would be useless to advise or upbraid him for he was beyond the influence of advice or censure. He knew my nature well enough to know what my advice would be and he knew that I was thinking of a certain intelligent, noble and unaffected young woman back in New York who loved him with a love sincere and deep. He himself had told me that she was his ideal among women, and that sometime he hoped to make her his wife. I resolved, therefore, not to upbraid him should he continue to visit Karma, but to keep before him as much as possible the image of his ideal in her far away American home, and the following evening when I saw him depart alone, I only said:

"I trust you will weigh well the honor of New York against the beauty of Bombay."

For three successive evenings I saw him go, and heard him return at the midnight hour. Then two weeks went by without his seeing her, and I was beginning to hope that he had shaken off the strange power of her mysterious personality, but on Tuesday of the third week he went again and continued to go at short intervals for almost three weeks.

Then one evening a letter came for him, and as he read it I marked well the marble whiteness that o'erspread his face. I knew that it was from home, and that the tender, trusting words of a saintly woman were piercing him to the heart. Placing the letter in an inner pocket, he sat for a long time on the edge of his cot, his eyes searching the floor. Then with a high resolve written on his face, he lay down and slept. It was 10 o'clock before I retired, and as I lay thinking for a few moments before closing my eyes, I could hear him breathing heavily. Then I, too, fell asleep.

Shortly after midnight I awoke with a start. I was positive that I had been awakened by some unusual sound within the room. I lay quiet for several minutes, straining my ears to catch any further disturbance, but heard only the deep, regular breathing of Ford and the faint flutter of a bat along the veranda ceiling outside the open window. The room was quite dark, save for the faint starlight at the window. Just as I was about to reach for a little match-safe in my trousers pocket on a near-by chair, there came a quick thud on the floor at the head of Ford's cot, and the next instant I caught the faint outlines of some heavy animal as it cleared the cot at the first bound, and at the second sprang through the open window and was gone. I sprang from my cot and lit the little spirit lamp on a stand near by. Roused by the commotion, Ford sat up and began rubbing his eyes; then, seeing me approaching lamp in hand, he queried:

"What's up now, old boy?"

"I am—and someone else is," I replied, pointing to his coat on the floor beneath an overturned chair. The next instant he was on his feet, and flinging the chair aside, he snatched up the coat and ran his hand into the inner breast pocket.

"The letter! It is gone!" he cried. "'Twas Kaza! See! here are her muddy footprints on the coat! Quick! On with your clothes and come with me; I am going for the letter and may need you! Do not refuse me, but come, because you can help me!"

I knew from his white face that he was deadly in earnest and mechanically I obeyed him. As we were about to leave the room he took from his portmanteau a little silver-mounted revolver and slipped in into an inner pocket of his coat.

Five minutes later we were hurrying along the narrow, deserted street that led to the shadowy grounds surrounding the house of Karma. Ford spoke not a word, and I, fearful of my own voice, kept silent. We soon came to the long, winding path leading through the dark shrubbery, and a few minutes later emerged from its shadowy silence and stood on the open lawn in front of the veranda. We paused for a moment, and there, facing us on the floor in the starligh, lay Kaza, her wicked eyes glittering like two yellow diamonds, and between her black, velvet-like jaws we saw a square white envelope. In an instant Ford drew his revolver, but ere he could bring it to a level with his eyes, the great cat sprang to her feet and bounded through the open doorway into the dark depths of the house. With a half-smothered oath Ford dropped the revolver into a side pocket and walked lightly up the veranda steps. I remained standing on the lawn. Suddenly in the doorway, appeared the lithe white form of Karma, clad in the same snowy gown I had seen her wear the first night I met her. About her neck she wore a strand of pearls, and around her slender waist was wound a scaly, spotted belt of snakeskin beneath which was thrust a square white envelope.

Then I heard Ford speaking in a low tone and saw him pointing to the envelope at her belt. The next instant she gave a sudden spring, and darting past him, placed one hand on the low railing of the veranda and bounded over to the lawn below. Then, gathering the loose folds of her long gown in her right hand, she ran like a white phantom across the lawn and disappeared in the shrubbery. Ford, seeing her about to escape, bounded down the steps, and running across the lawn entered the shrubbery a moment later. Then I heard the breaking of branches as he plunged after the fleeting form in white, followed a moment later by the sounds of a struggle, a shot, and a long, wild shriek. Guided by the noise, I tore my way madly through the low bushes, and, after running about fifty yards, stumbled over the prostrate form of Ford. He lay on his back in a little open space in the shrubbery, and in the faint light I could see that the muscles of his face were twitching violently. As I knelt down beside him I saw a crimson stream gushing from his lacerated throat, pierced and torn by the fangs of some maddened animal, and on the front of his white waistcoat I saw the bloody footprints of Karma—the footprints of the same little shoes I had seen her wear the night she sang to us in the moonlight.

A few short gasps, a slight heaving of the chest and Ford lay dead—his face to the silent stars.

As I staggered to my feet I heard a peculiar sound among the low bushes a few yards to my right, and at the same time caught a quick glimpse of a white gown. Springing forward and parting the shrubbery I came upon Karma writhing upon the ground, with the red mark of a bullet in her forehead, from which a tiny crimson stream trickled down her pallid face and neck, staining the strand of pearls about her throat. Seeing me standing over her, she staggered to her feet and with a low, hoarse cry sprang at my throat. I grappled with her and for a few moments we struggled desperately, until with a violent effort I threw her from me and she fell heavily to the ground.

As I stood panting with fright and exhaustion, I discovered that I held in my right hand the strand of pearls, which in the struggle I had unconsciously torn from her neck. Looking again at the figure writhing on the ground I was horrified to see only the black body of a great cat in the last convulsions of death, while in my hand, instead of a necklace of pearls, I had only a narrow band of black velvet, from which dangled the little grinning image of a sacred monkey.

A BURNING BLACKSMITH

Changed Food and Put Out the Fire.

Even sturdy blacksmiths sometimes discover that, notwithstanding their daily exercise and resulting good health, if their food is not well selected trouble will follow, but in some cases a change of food to the right sort will quickly relieve the sufferer, for generally such active men have fine constitutions and can, with a little change of diet, easily rid themselves of the disease.

I. E. Overdorf, Vilas, Penn., a blacksmith, says, "Two months ago I got down so bad with stomach troubles that I had to quit my business. About ten o'clock each morning I was attacked by burning pains in the stomach, so bad I was unable to work.

Our groceryman insisted upon my changing breakfasts and using Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food instead of the ordinary breakfast of meat, potatoes, etc. So I tried and at once began to mend. The new food agreed with my stomach perfectly and the pains all ceased. I kept getting better and better every day and now I am able to follow my business better than before in years. I am a thousand times obliged to the makers of Grape-Nuts for the great benefits the food has given."

Corners in the Living Room.

A very pretty corner may be arranged in any living room by means of a screen and a divan Over the divan there may be, if you choose, a canopy, and plenty of cushions are indispensable to its easeful luxury. But a screen answers every purpose of retirement and withdrawal, and, being readily portable, lends itself to the housekeeper's requirements. In country cottages where space is important not only corners may be secured at pleasure and furnished at discretion by the help of the screen, but one room may be made to do duty as several—as dining room, library and drawing room, as one of these at a time or as all three should occasion suggest.

The best medical authority says copper is the only cure for consumption. See article on this subject on page eight.

Having Ears.

She—Sh, don't say it so loud. We're too near that corncrib.

He—Well, what of it?

She—Because it's full of ears, silly.

Somewhat Different.

Tomdix—It isn't likely that our ancestors were bloated bondholders.

Hojax—Probably not; but they were stocks around their necks, just the same.

PARRAMORE'S BURGLARS

BY WILFRED MORRIS.

"It's as dark as a wolf's mouth! Why will Craggs put up those accursed shutters? The street might be threatened with a nightly siege. There, my last match gone, too!"

Grumbling indignantly to himself, Richard Parramore, junior partner in the firm of Parramore & Sons, lawyers, stalked in at the glass paneled door which led directly from an unlighted passage to his private room in an old-fashioned suite of legal offices. He paused to thrust into a vest pocket the empty receptacle which had provoked his concluding observation, then groped towards an adjacent mantelpiece, hoping to discover thereon a box of the despised but often priceless tandstickor.

The entrance by which he had come closed behind him, thanks to a pneumatic "buffer," noiselessly; his own footsteps had been deadened by the substantial, if faded, Brussels that covered the floor of the apartment.

His search for the possible rather than probable matchbox proving ineffective, the young solicitor moved in the direction of the silent general office without. He found his way instinctively—the gloom was unrelieved by the faintest glimmer from the shuttered windows anathematized by the lawyer.

He drew open the door into the further apartment with a jerk, and halted, amazed. It was not empty, nor unmitigatedly dark. A small bullseye lantern threw a steady radiance upon a patch of worn matting, strewn with packets and envelopes of various sizes and more or less legal appearance. By them there crouched two figures—a man's and a woman's, one cloaked and veiled, the other muffled to the ears. The latter was in the act of ripping up a foolscap envelope which shone whitely in her gloved hands. It had evidently been withdrawn, with the remainder of those littering the floor near the public entrance of the office, from a gaping and shattered letter-box attached thereto.

The noise made by the opening door aroused the two from their absorption, and one of the figures sprang up. It was the man's—a square, yet huddled and ungainly form—and he leveled something, something vague but threatening.

"Stand where ye are, if ye don't wanter lay down fur de last time in yer life!"

The woman moved up close to the man and whispered something in his ear, but he shook his head.

"Here, gent, hand over the key," he commanded of Parramore. "Then we'll just ask ye to step inside yer own little iron box here."

With apparent reluctance the lawyer extracted a bunch of keys from his pocket and tossed them over.

"Whiz de door open," instructed the cracksman, turning to the girl and motioning to the steel vault. "It's time we're out o' dis."

Falteringly, the girl—for she was but little more—unfastened and dragged wide the clumsy steel panel in a corner of the office. It revealed an ample, metal-lined compartment, stacked with documents.

"In wid ye," commanded the leader of the odd couple who had so suddenly become Parramore's captors. The lawyer advanced, guarded vigilantly by the man. Parramore lingered irritatingly on the threshold of the strong room.

"Hurry, hurry!" remarked his custodian sharply, waving threateningly the extended arm and gleaming barrel that had been so persistently menacing the lawyer.

For answer Parramore dropped to his knees and rolled over. His body met the feet and ankles of the man, pitching him forward into the yawning strongroom. The lawyer leaped up, jammed to the iron door, and locked it; the man was a prisoner.

Then Parramore turned to that discomfited person's veiled and cloaked companion. She had shrunk back into the shadows—the lantern she held trembling suggestively.

"Now," said the lawyer, sternly, "give me that light, woman, or it will be worse for you. Yet I would rather not use violence unless you drive me to it."

The lantern was set down precipitately. Parramore strode to it, snatched it up, and turned its rays on the mysterious crackswoman. She hid her face hastily. Yet something in her bearing and in the lithe young shape that moved so obviously under her disguising garment made the lawyer start. She was retreating from him. At once alarmed and bewildered, Parramore pursued her, but she escaped him—she was tearing something under her cloak, tearing it desperately, viciously.

The lawyer placed the lantern on the mantel, darted after her, and seized her in a ruthless grasp. The shoulders he had laid hold upon were soft and rounded. A cry broke from behind the thick chenille veil: "O, Dick, Dick, you hurt me."

At the sound of the broken words, the tearful, girlish voice, the lawyer trembled, recoiled, staggered, paralyzed by incredulity. "Margie!" he gasped, "what—what nightmare is this?"

With a petulent gesture the girl raised a small hand and put up her veil. The face exposed was flushed and youthful, a pair of blue eyes shone in the rays of the lantern, and two red lips pouted under delicate nostrils.

"O," Richard Parramore was told with a stamp; "how you have spoiled everything! There, go and let poor Tom out of that horrid den, and we will go home. I'm sick to death of—of practical joking."

The lawyer frowned, and lifting the lantern to a gas jet, flooded the apartment with light. "Miss Ouless," he said, severely, though his brown pupils twinkled, "this is no practical joke. You did not know that I would be here tonight. I did not know it myself. Look at that lock removed, survey that rifled letter-box; they would get both you and Tom twelve months, or from that to fourteen years, for burglary."

Margaret—otherwise Margie—sat down suddenly and wept. "I—I think you're very cruel," she sobbed, "and Tom didn't want to do it, only I—I persuaded him it was for your happiness."

The young lawyer stooped over the dejected figure. "Margie, dear," he said, gently. "I—I was merely chaffing. Don't cry, dearest; what was the trouble—something you had written and repented of? I would not have read it if you had forbidden me by, say, a telegram or an express letter. But why go in for heroics and run all sorts of risks."

"It—it's worse than—than that," stammered Margie; "it—it was some letters I had written to some one else—to—to Mr. Prout."

Richard Parramore's countenance darkened. "Prout!" he said, "not Hamilton Prout, the actor!"

Margie nodded miserably. "They were only silly, spoony letters," she murmured, "but I hated the idea of your reading them. I—I thought I cared for him—before I met you. And I had been begging him for them ever so long, and he—he wouldn't give them to me. And today I saw him by appointment, to get them, I understood. But he—he—"

Her lover waited patiently. "He showed me them," burst out Margie, "in an envelope addressed to you, with a note asking your professional advice about bringing an action against me—for—breach of promise. And he—he mailed it under my very eyes."

"So I knew," faltered Margie, "that they would reach here by the last delivery—I hoped, after you had gone. And Tom agreed to help me to get them before you could see them. We had managed so nicely when you came—we had crept down just about the time for closing the hall door upstairs, and when all was quiet Tom had cut a piece out of the glass panel there, with a diamond, and unscrewed the lock. Once we were inside, breaking open the letter-box was easy. If you could have stopped away another half hour. As it was, Tom put you off with his talk, and I did for one moment believe we'd got you in the strong room. Then we could have slipped off and you need never have known. But now, if you like, you can piece the bits together again and read them every one."

With which incoherent ultimatum Margie laid on the table a heap of torn fragments. The lawyer swept them into his palm, tossed them into the fire grate, and put a light to them.

"You foolish child!" was all he said. But he bent and kissed her, and somehow the kiss took a singularly long while to negotiate.

"I wonder," observed Parramore, at length, "if Tom really has enough air. We may as well make sure."

He suited the action to the word, and there stalked forth from the strongroom an extremely cool and self-possessed youth—like his sister in the full light—with a clean cut, boyish face, an incongruous plaid neckerchief, a traveling cap, and an ill-fitting, obviously borrowed, overcoat. He considered the situation cheerfully.

"Smart trick that of yours, Parramore," he said, assuming a patronizing air; "well, I suppose you know all. Going to throw Margie over?"

"No, you young dog," answered the lawyer; "going to see the pair of you home in a cab."

Tom Ouless put his hands in his pockets. "Very well," he commented; "make a deuce of a row and blame it on me. I shall say I found Margie and you eloping and brought you back—by force! But you had much better let us sneak in as we sneaked out."

The lawyer put a little gloved hand on his arm. "I—I imagine I had," he conceded; "but if you expect me to screen you, just refix that lock, and never, as long as you live, let me hear that vile imitation jargon of yours again."

Master Thomas Ouless grinned. "It was a bit of a jolly for you, wasn't it?" he chuckled; "but look at this—my revolver!" And he held up—a screwdriver!

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THE HERMIT LOVER;
Or,
The Mystery of a Double.

By ELLA MARTIN.

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CHAPTER III.
RAY CLIFFORD.

Mrs. M. F. Peary was taking an afternoon nap; otherwise she would most assuredly have missed her daughter, and would most likely have been in a state of nervous distraction over her prolonged absence. But being in the arms of Morpheus she was happily unconscious of the fact that her wayward child had strayed out of sight of the inn.

Mr. Peary had gone to the mining town. So when Enid entered the room that had been assigned them, she found her father absent, and her mother just aroused from a restful sleep.

She sat down by the vine-wreathed window, but instead of looking forth, she clasped her hands about her knees, and sat dreaming in the dusk of the room. This unlady-like attitude would have called forth a remonstrance from the mother but for the fear that ever dwelt at her heart that she would not have this child, who was really the image of her life, very much longer. If she had been quite sure that there was no danger, many a severe reproval would have passed her lips unchecked.

"Why don't you ring for lights, mamma?" asked Enid quite gravely, as her mother sat up upon the edge of the bed and brushed back her hair. "Just touch the bell, won't you?"

This naive command or request would have set Mr. Peary into an amused laugh; but Mrs. Peary was simply disgusted, not so much with her daughter as with the thought that it was a useless request.

"The bell!" she ejaculated, "as if a bell was to be found in this out of the way place. And as for lights, if we get a fire we'll be lucky if we will be lucky."

Enid's mind went back to the luxuriously furnished caverns, where everything but a bell (which was not needed) was to be found, and wondered how her mother would say if she could know of the "maid of the mountains," and her home in the caves. An impression of those furnished caves would do her mother's heart good, she knew. But the secret was Leonore's and she would not betray it without permission. However, a desire to know Leonore's past, which she had half agreed to tell her, caused her to resolve to make another visit to the mountain girl's home.

Leonore! what a musical name it was! How evenly and smoothly it left one's lips! And what a radiant creature! How much more she missed when this girl of wealth and beauty withdrew from it. But why, oh why, was it so? Some mystery, some tragedy, must be at the bottom of it. But it was not her place to pry into this girl's affairs, and after all, she did best not go again, for there was the portrait, and the mystery of its presence there.

"Mamma," she said presently, "I am nearly famished, do they ever eat here in the wilderness, or do they just live on the pine-scented air, and on faith that they will find something to eat when they return to civilization?"

The manner of speech was Enid's, but the voice was dreary, and the whole attitude of the girl's figure betokened weariness.

"Did you walk far?" the mother inquired anxiously, noting that the flushed cheeks and "you seem tired."

"My walk was a short one, just around the bend in the road. And that reminds me that I have the landlord's compass by which he expected me to be guided over the entire range of mountains, I suppose."

"But mamma, you did not inform me whether we are to live entirely on faith or not."

"I suppose we might get you some luncheon by asking for it," replied Mrs. Peary, "I had a cup of tea before I laid down and a—something to go with it."

"A French roll or a corn dodger, mamma?"

"Neither—something entirely unknown. But to obtain anything edible one must invade the kitchen, or wait till the appointed time, which can't be for off now."

"Well, I should like to see the kitchen where the things we must eat are to be manufactured. And I'm sure Uncle Sam will permit anything from me, I'm so puny."

She glided away as he spoke, and her mother sighed.

Her spirits seem to have left her, but her tongue is the same. She always was a ridiculous child, but ever popular and a favorite. Poor Enid! she shall have her way here in the country."

Meanwhile Enid searched for and found the landlord and returned to him his compass.

"And did I serve you, little one?" he asked.

"It kept me from going astray, I am sure, for my luck of faith in my understanding of it, kept me from venturing further than the bend in the road alone."

Mr. Ackerman did not notice the last word, or else was not keen enough to thing her use of it suggestive of anything.

"But Uncle Sam," she added, "I'm hungry as a bear. What do people eat here in these mountains, or do they live on air, please."

"They eat bears sometimes, when they get hungry as bears," said mine host with a wink. "Well, have a whole one for your share, if you please."

"Is it toast?" he inquired, slyly. Then he added: "You couldn't eat a canary. But follow me."

Enid obeyed without any hesitation. In the kitchen were the landlord's wife and daughter, and a woman from the settlement, who was hired to serve as cook, and all were busy with the preparation of the evening meal.

"The young lady would like a brown bear, served on toast," said Ackerman after he had made the friendly, of the small personage known to them.

There was no stipulation as to the color of the bear," replied Enid gravely, "I don't want to eat the bible."

"Now, girl," said the good wife, "I see you are up to some of your nonsense; I will give the young girl a bottle glass of vesino and a cracker; that will do till supper, which is about ready."

"I shan't need refreshments between meals after this," replied Enid, "but today I have had a tiresome journey, and need I took a long walk;" she ended with a laugh, as if to make light of the latter; for she knew Mr. Ackerman would think her a simpleton if she took the road not worth mentioning.

Mrs. Ackerman was a motherly woman, not short and plump, as motherly women generally are, but tall and spare like her spouse, with the gray hair and a pleasant countenance. The daughter, Lizzie, was a buxom miss, and both were fond of their guests.

Enid, after partaking of the things set before her, began to talk of the country and the people who inhabited it.

"Oh, there ain't many people like you folks," said good mother Ackerman, as she hustled about, sending Lizzie with this dish and with that to the dining-room. "Once in a while the people who have nothing interesting to them, but they don't stay long, and they don't bring to women folks like us, who are not often, unless they come for their health."

"And do they ever die here?" asked Enid, wistfully.

But a warning glance from the host told his wife that she must not talk freely on that subject.

"Oh, dear no," said the good woman; "they all get well and go their ways, and marry, and live happy ever afterward."

Mr. Ackerman laughed heartily. His wife in the main was a truthful woman, but for things, and he was too humorous not to appreciate it.

"Now ma, remember your failings, and don't stretch it too big. You know there is some who has never gone back. But they're not buried yet," he added hastily, "nor are they likely to be. You know, ma, I mean the hermit and the maid of the mountain."

"Who are they?" asked Enid carelessly.

"Ah, no one knows; they came from no one knows where, and they live no one knows where. And no one knows just what brought them to the mountains."

"The girl does not try to shun people, nor is she afraid to talk of herself, but she tells what she likes, and never betrays what she does not want others to know."

"But the hermit is seldom seen. Folks think he has committed murder, and is hid in some cave. He lives mostly on game, but sometimes sends to the settlement, or goes himself. He does not work in the mines, and some think he is diggin' for ore secretly. He may bring large capital here some day, some folks think. But thinkin' is about all they is to it, I reckon, for folks is too busy in these here diggins to meddle much."

A moment later the host was called to the barroom; and as the women were quite busy Enid retired to her room to eat the meal in the day was upon the table.

After the supper was over Lizzie showed Enid to a room on the second floor. It was a small affair, and contained little beside a narrow cot and the necessary articles. It mattered little to her what the furnishing of the room was like, she was wearied in body and mind and body, and sat down at once on a low wicker chair by the window.

The view from this side of the house overlooked a highway that wound up and around until it reached the mountain crest, and below was the settlement. Lizzie chatted to her awhile and then left her.

Soon after the girl had gone Enid closed the window and retired.

She had not sat by this same window and watched the stage from the nearest railroad station as it approached the inn, climbing slowly up the mountainway.

Ray Clifford was on the seat with the driver, and just as the coach was about to turn a bend in the road she saw them from her point of sight until they should draw up at the front door of the inn. But she had a perfect side view, and sitting gracefully in the saddle, erect and looking queenly in her unique riding habit, was "Leonore, the Maid of the Mountains."

Enid could not see whether any greeting passed between the two, but the coach soon passed and went slowly down the mountain road. The stage coach was soon lost to view, but the horse and rider followed Leonore.

"And it is thus they meet again," she murmured, "and they have met before, and they would never forget," she continued in a low, strained whisper; "he could not forget. I wonder what could have brought them together once before? Ray Clifford could never love a coward."

She gazed down the road long after the horse and rider had disappeared, utterly forgetful of the fact that Ray Clifford had doubtless reached the front door by this time, and she was not there to receive him. Then heard his voice presently, and remembered. Starting to her feet she pressed her hand against her heart, which was throbbing painfully, and she trembled. And she was a little afraid to meet him. She loved Ray, and had been tormented by him with her saucy ways, now dreaded to go forth, and look into his face. But a call from the parlor below brought her down the stairs.

Ray came forward and held out his hand, smiling, but serious, too, and she saw that he could little hand in it, looking fearfully up at him as if she were some culprit who sues for pardon, but could not look him in the face.

But her eyes were merely searching for some sign that there was the chance of meeting with Leonore. But there were none. His heart had not turned white in that moment when they two had met face to face, nor had drawn lines about his mouth, no absent mindedness in his eyes. He was just the same. What an actor he must be!

"He could not forget," she said in her heart, "no man could forget Leonore."

She addressed him as Mr. Clifford, and a smile played at his mouth as all the notice he took of it. But he laid his hand more gently over hers and led her to a seat.

"I am glad to see you, Enid," he said. "You are looking paler than ever. They have not let you work in the mines, I hope."

"They have not taken care of me at all," she replied, with a feeble attempt at her old badinage. "Mamma was ill when we left, got her, and papa went to town, to get drunk, I suppose, and I was left alone. I wandered from the house and got way out of sight. The landlord's wife loaned me a compass, or I shouldn't be here now. I'm afraid I wandered wearily.

At this her father laughed heartily, and Mrs. Peary kept silent, for her fear for her daughter was growing as the pallor on the girl's face increased.

"We will take that walk together, Enid," Ray said, "and you shall show me how far you wandered."

"We will go at once," she answered eagerly, a flush coming to her cheeks, "for I am sure you have had some refreshments. I will see to that for you. One has to invade the kitchen to get anything to eat here, except at regular meal time."

She sprang up and glided to the door, where she paused and shaking her finger at him, said gaily:

"I dare not let you go, there's a pretty girl in there—Lizzie, the landlord's daughter."

She was gone like a flash, and only her father smiled at the girl's manner. Mrs. Peary and Ray looked at each other.

"It is forced gayety," said the latter. "What has changed her so in such a short time? Has she guessed the truth?"

"It is not that," said the mother, "if she knew she had but three weeks to live, she would laugh and be merry up to the last day. It is weariness of body which effects her spirits, I think we must see that she does not overdo."

The reverse was the case. The weariness of the mind had lessened the buoyancy of spirits, and caused bodily weariness.

All night she had lain awake and wondered why they had not let her die in the east at home and in peace, without this knowing sorrow in her heart. There were some things worse than weak lungs, worse than dying slowly with consumption. A heart, grief-stricken, might bleed slowly, drop by drop, till no more life was left in it, while the weak lungs healed in the spicy pine woods and light mountain air. The lungs might be healed, but the heart would be dead.

Enid's eagerness to take that walk over again, this time with her lover by her side, was hardly understood by herself. Only, somehow, she felt in a vague way, that she would like to once more recall the days of Ray in her boudoir, and know that he saw his portrait there.

Then he would understand that she knew she had come into his life too late to ever be all in all to him. She did not want an explanation, she could not bear to hear one word of his past. Only, she wanted him to know that she was aware of the mistake she held in his affections. And in some way she would contrive to let him know that she determined to bring these two together. They could wear a mask in her presence, they could think she did not know, could pretend that she knew she knew that she had seen his portrait there in his boudoir, he would know she was not deceived.

And some way she would manage it.

CHAPTER IV.
A HEART'S BITTER GRIEF.

Leonore rode slowly on after meeting the stage that had brought Ray to Colored Loch House—slowly, for there was a mist in her eyes that was blinding in her sorrow. She could not see the road, but Arrow was sure of foot and would not stumble. But in the mist she saw a face, a form, a figure that had been a regret hung in her boudoir, she had painted it from memory, and often and often in her despair went out of her heart, and placed them on canvass on which to feast her hungry eyes in her loneliness. But it had been one solace in her seclusion, almost a shrine at which she had worshipped. The tragedy connected with that had once looked lovingly, seriously into her own. Those beautiful, grave lips, that could smile until the heart was touched, and then grave—how had been her comfort; and she had knelt before it and told it whatever trouble she was grief—so glad, that she had done what she had with her life, because she had thus been enabled to serve him.

And now she had met him face to face, and he had not by so much as a look betray much as a start of surprise. She who was so alive that her pulse quickened at every joy, and her heart beat very rapidly when it found no help that swift, glad look of recognition. But he had withdrawn his eyes from that glance to let her know that he had forgotten, or rather that he did not care to remember.

"He has forgotten me," she said, "Clifford she was expecting, and that was the solution to his coldness, but he will find me changed her. Ah, no wonder he wished to ignore the past. Enid must not know, and they two must meet as strangers."

His love had been a mad passion that had swept her off her feet because she, with such a wild passionate heart in her bosom, had given him the love of her affections, and he had grown tired. Oh, the bitterness of it! Clifford!

But oh, she would tear him out of her heart, she would take her cue from him, and meet him without one sign of recognition, and no one but himself would ever guess the part she was playing. She would never admit now that she had ever met him before, even though we see him placed before her eyes at her fret. Her stand was taken for all time, but the heart was in rebellion.

She thought of Enid with her pale, sweet face and merry laugh and sighed.

"Ah, no wonder he forgot."

Then she went to her boudoir, and carefully drawing off her riding gloves she laid them on the center table beside the silver-mounted whip which she always carried, but never used. And all the while her eyes were on the portrait on the wall above her.

She next went to the storeroom and returned with a bundle of fagots with which she threw them on the hearth. Her movements were deliberate and slow.

When a bright fire was blazing she took the

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The Hermit Lover.

(Continued.)

portrait from the wall, together with its wreath of evergreens, and laid them on the flames.

The work of long months was going up in smoke, and Lenore, unable to bear the loss calmly, threw her hands above her head and gave vent to a heartbroken, despairing cry. The next moment she was lying face downward on the floor, writhing in an agony of despair, shame and desolation.

He was dying, her idol, her hero! there in the blaze, it seemed to her! With her own hands she had consigned him, or at least all she had to take his place, to a quick death in the fire. And now the ashes alone were left, just as dull, gray ashes alone were left in her heart of that dead affection.

But the ashes in his heart were cold, she thought bitterly—no smoldering fire was beneath, but she—it was different with her, the passion had so recently died, and they were warm in heart, glowing yet, like those on the hearth before her.

But they would grow cold, they should. She was strong enough and she would triumph.

She lay quite still now, while the fire died low, and her heart broke in the silence of the cavern home.

Did she sleep and dream eventually, or was she only overcome with despair? she imagined she heard the notes of a violin playing softly the air she had loved so, in the old past, with him who had gone floating down the long hall, keeping time to its beats the flowers in the bunches—how like lilies and the flowers made the place seem like fairyland!

The tones of his voice seemed once more in her ears, mingled with the music, the slow, swelling, ascending, maddening wild music. It all came back—that scene; her heart was beating against his, his eyes were looking down into hers, his arm about her waist—and she was in heaven!

Ah, no! She was here in the mountain, in the cold cavern room, isolated for his sake, and he—he was with another!

But the music, that faintly sweet sound, was still sounding in her ears, now clear, now dying away in distance, then it was not, if everything else was false: that low-toned music was real. She grasped the fact at last and raised her head from the carpet, where it had been buried in her arms and listened. Sweetly clear, it rose and fell, mournfully. She sprang to her feet and crept closer to the doorway of the inner cavern. Through room after room she went, forgetful that she might lose herself in this labyrinth of caverns. Led on by those sweet strains she would have penetrated the heart of the mountain.

Was it an illusion? She paused sometimes and listened, and often she could hear nothing; then again the quivering sounds would pierce the air. There was no tune now another. Finally it died away entirely, and though she waited in the damp and the dark she could not hear it again. And then she remembered that she had strayed out of her habitation, and might not be able to find her way back.

And now the music began to seem unreal. She imagined must have been responsible. She had heard him play that waltz often, she was thinking of him, and out of the longing of her heart was a delusion of the brain. It had led her astray, and after wandering about for a long time she began to realize that she was lost in the bowels of the mountain, and might never find her way out again. Every effort in that direction might take her farther into the heart of the mountain, for she had lost her bearings and was completely turned around. And it was cold and damp here. How long would she live if she never found her way out? And as this horrible, lingering death the lilting strains of that waltz had led her, and her love had been the means of her death at last.

She sat down to rest on the cold stone floor, and drawing up her knees, she leaned her arms and her head upon them. It was no use, and she was too tired now to make further efforts to regain her home.

How long she sat there she did not know; but suddenly she heard a voice calling her name, and she sprang eagerly to her feet and listened.

"Lenore! Lenore! Lenore!"

It was Enid's voice, sounding faintly sweet, and oh, how welcome! She sent an answering ringing call back to the cave, and moved in the direction from which the sounds proceeded.

Enid had suffered bad pangs of the refreshments Enid had insisted upon having served to him—they had taken a walk down the wood to the entrance of the mountain girl's home.

If perchance they should meet her now! That was Enid's hope. But they wandered on and on, and yet the black horse and his rider were not again encountered, nor realized it the cavern home was reached.

It seemed to Enid that she must see them face to face, and have the agony over with. The suspense was terrible, and she was not strong.

They talked with their usual unreserve, he ate lightheartedly of the food, and did not mark that horse and rider a short time ago.

"Did you come so far as this, Enid?" he asked carelessly, as a place beside the vine-covered entrance to Lenore's abode. "And did you need a companion to take you back over a straight road?" he added, with a smile.

"Oh, it is a long way back to Gulch House, Enid replied, with a little laugh, for so much had happened—so much was crowded into that expedition, that it seemed to her long since they—since yesterday, so many years that I can never get back to where I was before then."

No, Enid knew she never get back to the place in her life from which she started yesterday noon, her bright, care-free girlhood.

"Why, Enid dear," said Ray Clifford, noting the weary action, as she put her hand to her forehead and brushed back the wavy, gold hair, "what has become of your old bright self? It grieves me to see you like this."

"My old self?" she said, starting a little, as if she had just remembered it, "my old self, I left it here," and she turned toward the entrance to the cave, "come, and I will show you."

She had not meant to do this thing, her woman's pride forbade her; it told her to suffer in silence; but the thorn in her heart rankled so, and she was not accustomed to grief, and not able to bear it longer. She was desperate now, and she led him into the passage whose entrance was concealed by the tangled mass of vines. No door was closed to bar her entrance, and she went on straight to the boudoir, her mind intent on showing Ray the portrait of himself which hung in the mountain girl's home.

She scarcely heard his ejaculations of surprise, as she hurried him on through the drawing-room, her object being to bring him in sight of the picture before Lenore should appear, and why could go no farther unless invited. And what if the invitation never came?

She drew the tapestry aside and Ray followed her into the boudoir. There was a light in the room, and her eyes instantly sought the place on the wall where the portrait had hung, but not even the evergreens which had surrounded the frame were there. Mystified, she glanced around and espied some pieces of the evergreen wreath on the hearth, which had escaped the flames, and seeing the ashes, she understood. But the deed had been done lately —since that tapestry was on the mountain road, which she had seen from her window. It was since then that Lenore had turned so passionately against the man whose portrait she had painted from out her very heart, and it was doubtless because she guessed the truth—that he was the Mr. Clifford who was her affianced. That heap of ashes, now growing cold on the hearth, told to Enid the passionate despair of a human heart.

While she stood there realizing it all but scarcely knowing what to do, the soft strains of a violin came to them from some lower recess. Enid turned slowly and placed her hand softly on his arm, and whispered.

"Hush! it is Lenore! Listen! It is her soul, her heart's despair, poured forth in those agonized strains."

For awhile they stood in that richly appointed room and listened breathlessly. Then the low, sweet tones died away, and they heard them no more.

"Enid," said Ray, "in the name of all that is wonderful, what does it mean? Who lives here? and how came you to know of this place?"

She lifted her eyes to his.

"It is the home of Lenore, the maid of the mountains," she replied, keeping her eyes fixed upon his face.

But the face was still mystified, still questioning.

"Who is Lenore?"

"I know no more. She led me here yesterday. She rides a coal-black horse, and wears a hunting costume of gold plush."

She paused. Would he mention their meeting on the large rock?

"Ah, he said, reflectively, "the girl we met the other side of Gulch House. Strikingly handsome she is, and I have lived so long since then—since yesterday, so many years that I can never get back to where I was before then."

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"Ray," she said, and again she glanced into his eyes, "if a man once loved her, he would never forget—he could not forget."

"No," he replied, absentmindedly, "he could not forget."

And Enid shrank away from him as from a blow.

"But what is the mystery of this?" as asked, "for mystery it is."

"It is simply her choice, this sort of life. She did not tell me all."

"Wait here," she added, "and wonder over the mystery to your heart's content while I find her; for this is only one of many apartments. I shall find her in her music-room, no doubt."

She darted away and left him mystified, and almost believing it unreal.

But Lenore was not to be found in any of the furnished rooms, and Enid went hurriedly about till she reached the kitchen and store room, and not finding her she began to call, thinking the girl had gone on another exploring adventure. Her voice returned to her resounding in the same echoing tone that came an answering shout that was "the voice of Lenore herself—an eager, answering voice, which told Enid the other had lost her way. She continued to call, and the answering voice came nearer, and at last the two girls met, and the elder, in her passionate way, clasped the other's hands.

"You have saved my life, Enid! I was lost, and your voice led me out. I am so cold, and so tired! I have wandered so far, and I was about to go on again in the wrong direction, I should have wandered into the heart of the mountain, and have died there of cold and starvation."

"What made you venture without a line to guide you back?" asked Enid.

"It was the music that led me, the music from the past that he used to play, and I forgot everything."

"The music, Lenore? It was not then that you that played those beautiful, soulful strains?"

"Ah, you heard it too then! It was not all a myth."

They had been walking hurriedly toward the boudoir, Enid leading the way, and soon they stood in the presence of Ray Clifford. Enid took note of that meeting, that interchange of glances, which was merely a wellbred stare. And then she introduced them.

No start or surprise, no paling of the cheek, nor sign of recognition told her they had ever met before. And Enid, thinking of the portrait,

The Toast of "The Queen."

The Glasgow Weekly Mail publishes the following verbatim report of the chairman's speech in giving the toast of "The Queen" at a recent agricultural show dinner in Scotland. It gives one canny Scotchman's opinion of the worth of Queen Victoria as a woman.

"Now, gentlemen, said the chairman, 'wat ye a' fill your glasses, for I'm about to bring forrit the queen. Our queen, gentlemen, is really a wonderfu' woman. I may say it; she's ane o' the guid auld sort. Nae whigmaleeries or falderals about her, but a real decent lady.

"She's respectable beyond a' doot. She has brocht up a grand family o' well-faured lads and lasses—her auldest son being a credit to ony nitional family we could name. And her daughter is nae less than married to the Duke o' Argyll—an auld name.

"Gentlemen, ye'll maybe no' believe it, but I once saw the queen. I did. It was when I took my auld breeks on to Perth show. I remember her weel—auch dear, such hair—flaterringlets at the tap o' the head, and ane o' the queen ye're proposin'?

"The queen, gentlemen, I beg your pardon, but I was talking about the cow. However, as to the queen, somebody pointed her out to me at Perth station, and I'll admit she's a neat and tidy-like, and says I to myself, 'Ilin my auld woman's hame sewin' up my breeks, remain a widow another hour langer.' Noo, gentlemen, 'The Queen.'"

How Metal Papers Are Made.

A recently issued patent to Carl Enstrumelt of Berlin describes a new combination process for the production of "metal papers" or paper-backed foils such as are used for printing various small articles for the retail trade. An endless belt of metal moves over a tank containing a dilute solution of potassium trisulphide, with which the polished face of the belt is moistened in advance of a cylindrical brush. This forms upon the surface a layer of sulphide, which together with subsequently deposited layer of metal foil from adhering too closely. The belt is now washed and then dried, the original surface of which passes on, and is ready for a new charge. Any design which it is desired to imprint on the foil may be easily obtained by engraving the metal belt, the finest details being reproduced in reverse on the nickel face of the foil.

Mr. Roosevelt Finished Waltz.

A few years ago at a ball at Oyster Bay, Miss Alice Roosevelt and Miss Roosevelt was waltzing with a Miss Townsend, a member of the well-known Long Island family of that name, and the dance lasted for several hours after, at a reception at Oyster Bay. Miss Townsend and Vice-President Roosevelt were both present and the orchestra, in the course of the evening, played the same waltz prematurely ended years before. The vice-president recognized it, and asked Miss Townsend the privilege of resuming their interrupted waltz. She assented and they glided away.

If you have consumption don't fail to read article on this subject on page eight.

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Only a fool man believes that a woman believes everything he tells her.

A small boy with an armful of snowballs can make a strong man tremble.

The gas bill may be a light affliction, but getting it receipted is a heavy one.

Women defend the wearing of corsets on economic grounds; there is less waist.

He who steals a woman's purse gets away with a lot of samples and other trash.

A man feels lonesome when he is in the company of a people who never make mistakes.

Toadstools are often mistaken for mushrooms and gall is sometimes mistaken for genius.

Contentment should be measured by the number of things you are willing to do without.

The student who lingers around the foot of the class may eventually become a first-class chiropodist.

After a girl who married for money becomes a widow she is very likely to be married for her money.

It is not wisdom to tell everything you know, but some people can't avoid it if they tell anything at all.

"It's impossible to keep a good man down," sighed the whale, as Jonah picked up his hat and departed.

An egotist is a man who insists on telling you the things about himself that you want to tell him about yourself.

Senator Beveridge says that people of our blood never lose land they have occupied. How about Mexico?

Fire worship is supposed to be extinct, yet when the mercury flirts with the zero mark its popularity seems to break out afresh.

That candidate who places himself in the hands of his friends at the convention is likely to be left on their hands after the votes have been counted.

Twelve hundred congressional pets of the census office are to be provided with civil service jobs without passing examinations if the present census bill escapes a veto. If the ex-president of the civil service commission who now occupies the white house will stand for that he will stand for a lot.

Gov. Taft says that ruling the Philippines on a salary of $20,000 a year is no joke, because it costs him so much to live there. Gen. Weyler's experience in the Philippines was different. It cost the Filipinos a lot of money to have him live there, but he made no personal complaint of expense.

The Wizard of the Waves;

Or,

The Black Flag Privateer.

By COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

Begun in No. 10, March 8. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

Hannibal stopped his capers short and bolted down the steep pathway towards the cabin, followed more leisurely by our lads, while Rafael and old Leonardo walked towards the higher ground on the cliff.

"Boy, I am glad to see you again," said the old man, after the two had taken a seat upon the mound.

"And I have come, Father Leonardo, I hope, for the last time."

"Don't say that, boy."

"I must; I am determined to change my theater of action to a different field and—"

"Leave me here to die?" asked the old man, mournfully.

"You mistake me; I am rich and so are you, and in a few months from now my fate lies comfortably for the remainder of your days."

"Boy, you forget I am an outlaw; no, I must still linger on here, for it will not be for long yet, when I die, I would not have it on the gallows."

"You shall not here alone, for old Chloe has gone now, and then, when you again become pardoned, you can return to your home, so, you will find old Father Leonardo smouldering to dust in the cabin on the cliff hill."

"Father, I grieve me to hear you talk thus, and if you would leave this island, I would do all I could to make your latter years comfortable."

"I know that you have exiled yourself here. I know you have done it to atone for your crimes, that you should die here alone and uncared for, as I do, my parricide."

"Boy, I have spoken; I have made up my mind, and I am so determined that no secret I have long kept in my heart shall never pass my lips."

"Father Leonardo, I would give worlds, had I them, to have you tell me all that you have known of my parents," urged Rafael spoke sadly, though with earnestness.

"No; I know nothing that I will tell; it is useless to ask me. Now, boy, go around to the cabin, and then tell me all you have done upon the wide seas,' and the old man arose, and with his arm on Rafael followed him down into the hollow, where, in the cabin, Hannibal had already prepared a tempting repast for the evening meal.

CHAPTER XIX.

DRIVEN TO CRIME.

The lonely and desolate island among the Bahamas, had for more than twenty years been the home of the aged priest, Leonardo, and several others, among whom were Rafael, the Sea Wizard, Hannibal the negro, an old negro woman, the cause of Chloe, a creature deformed and of hideous appearance, and half a dozen rude seamen.

All that Rafael knew of his coming to this island, the reader will recall, was that he was, that, when the youth was but four years of age he left with his parents, who were Americans, ben passengers on board of a packet-ship bound from New York to Havana, and that he had also been on the same vessel as was Hannibal, who was the valet of a wealthy Cuban planter, and Indies for his health.

The ship, the name of which, strange to say, both Leonard and Hannibal had forgotten, had, by her boats, left Nassau for Havana, and all the passengers were murdered except the priest, the negro and Rafael, whom Leonard, after burying his life of the cruel men, but the parents of the at other cruel men, but the parents of the

The priest and Hannibal, with the little Rafael, were landed by the buccaneers on a small settlement among the Bahamas and from there they took passage in a fishing smack bound for Havana, but a storm overtook the craft, its rudder was torn off by the gale and it became unmanageable, it drifted toward an island, where all believed it would be dashed to pieces, but by an overruling Providence, the priest said, it was borne into the little inlet, where it grounded at the other end.

Tired of leading a life of sanctity, Leonardo then had confessed that he proposed to the half dozen fishermen, who comprised the crew of the smack, to turn their discovery to use, and form among themselves a buccaneers' force, placing false beacons upon their isle and luring ships ashore to their destruction, and the cargoes of which should be taken in the port of Havana and sold for their mutual benefit.

The proposition was accepted only too well and the first night their false beacon sent its luring light over the waters a storm came ashore in a fierce gale that was blowing, its freight being a cargo of slaves from the coast of Africa.

Out of hundreds of poor wretches that were on board, old Chloe was the only one saved, and she became the slave of the priest, over whom he gained, as he had over Hannibal, a wonderful influence.

One night, when Rafael was in his fourteenth year, a huge wreck drifted upon the island, and in the morning the wreckers discovered that the ship had, evidently, been deserted at sea, on account of having taken fire, for a large part of her forward cabins had been burned, which doubtless had been put out by the waves dashing in and quenching it, for the boats were all missing, and there was every indication of a hasty departure by the crew and passengers.

Rafael was the first to swim out to where the wreck was stranded, and upon entering the cabin he started back, when he descried a child of five years old asleep in the berth.

Instantly the little fellow was in the arms, and he quickly swam back to the island with his wee waif, and from that day he became his charge.

That little waif of the sea was the youth, Leo, who has already figured in these pages.

Though the old priest dearly loved Rafael, he did not care so much for little Leo; but still the two youths grew up under the priest, adopting a life of the corsair, a fine linguist, and well versed in the ways of the world, taught them all they should know, while, as they twice a year made voyages in the sloop, with the crew of the wreckers, the sale of their goods either in Havana, Matanzas, or some of the settlements on the Florida coast, they became proficient sailors.

When Rafael's birth was placed in command of a small, but seaworthy schooner, the priest had allowed him to purchase a cargo, and at that time he became the captain of the wrecking crew, who yielded to his superior knowledge of navigation without a word.

In this manner the youth was wont to make much longer voyages, sometimes extending them to the Spanish coast of the Mediterranean, then to Pensacola, again to New Orleans, and once or twice to Vera Cruz, until he became quite familiar with the waters of the gulf.

The training of a corsair, outside of his classical teachings, had been of a most perfectious character, still they did not corrupt the youth's heart, and though he broke the laws of nations by smuggling, he still saw little harm in that, and himself was thoroughly honest, and one meeting him would look upon him as a frank and noble sailor, and a gentleman.

When Rafael had reached his twenty-first year, he became tired of his wild and lonely career, for the many books that had fallen into his hands, and which he had read, he had had of the outside world, had proven to him that he was cut out for himself a different career, and his nature revolted from the life he was living.

True, since he had been in command of the little schooner, he had destroyed the false beacon on the island, no more vessels were lured on to destruction by the idea that they were sending a haven, but against this act Leonard and the wrecking crew had rebelled, to find the youth determined, and in the end he had overawed them, for he would have it so.

The priest, however, seeing that Rafael was determined to leave the island, decided to allow him to go, and, with a right to hold up his head among honorable men, and his cruelty and the Spaniards were really his parents, they were not man and wife, saved the mother had confessed to him, being a catholic, when dying, and said that he had married her with his own wife's sister, and that he regretted his evil act the more, as their child would be thrown into the world a mark of illegitimacy and parentage.

Rafael knew enough of the laws of civilized society, to at once feel the brand upon him, and his heart bounded at the honorable name among honorable men faded away, and he said, as he grown to be a handsome boy of thirteen:

"No; my lad, we must give up all idea of leaving the island, for you have no longer a claim upon the world, and you are too young to commence life, so here we must stay for years now, perhaps forever."

Hannibal, however, did not share the sadness that Rafael and Leo mourned over the curse of his young life, but with no wish longer to leave the island.

One day he went alone to the lookout on the cliff, and his face brightened as he beheld but a mile distant from the island, a beautiful schooner, with long, low hull, and tall, raking masts, lying becalmed, almost within a circle of threatening reefs.

The wind was light and variable, and the schooner rolled lazily upon the swell that came landward.

In the west was a dark cloud rising rapidly, and from it came, at long, rumbling sound of distant thunder, while ever and anon it was split in twain by vivid flashes of lightning.

"Yonder schooner is doomed unless I run her into the inlet, and that I do! It is spite of Father Leonardo and the wreckers, for I will not see them drowned."

So saying, Rafael quickly descended to the shelf before spoken of, and then, by means of the rope ladder down to a piece of stone, on a level with the beach, and where several boats were lying.

Springing into a light skiff, he seized the oars and in three minutes had rowed out of the inlet and was heading for the schooner, whose crew he now saw were aware of their danger, for they beckoned him on, for the storm was rising rapidly.

The gun brought to the cliff the crew of wreckers and at a glance they saw Rafael's intention, and loudly ordered him to return or they would fire upon him, for they had their muskets with them, not knowing, when they heard the firing from the schooner, what they would have to face.

Rafael paid no attention to their warning, and the wreckers, determined not to be robbed of a prey that luck had driven almost into their den, raised and fired at their young commander.

The bullets rattled harmlessly around him and again they fired, for they knew that if he did not save the schooner, an hour's time would serve to dash her a wreck upon the island.

Again they missed their aim and once more fired a volley, to see the left arm of the brave youth drop to his side, and his skiff veer half around, while a yell arose from the crew of the schooner.

Nothing daunted by the wound he had received, Rafael sprang to his feet, thrust one oar, with his right hand, over the stern of the skiff, and commenced to skull it rapidly along, still followed by volleys of musketry from the infuriated wreckers.

Quickly he was out of range and soon ran alongside the schooner, where a crew of rough-looking men welcomed him with-tremendous cheers.

"Young man, you are a daring fellow; you can save the schooner, but are you sound and have no cons?" said a dark and reckless looking man coming forward and grasping Rafael's hand, when he raised his arm wounded arm, and the blood was flowing freely.

"I only save the schooner, sir, by running her into an inlet in the island,"

"I see no inlet, my man."

"No, sir, it is not visible until you get within a cable's length—let the schooner be put under easy sail, and I will steer the craft, for that will be all she needs, as the storm will have no headward; but there is one thing else, and lash yourselves fast, for this is one of the West India tornadoes."

"You speak like a thorough seaman; take the wheel, and I will aid you with it," replied the man, and the schooner was put in ten minutes the storm burst in fury upon the gallant vessel, which stood the shock nobly, though she trembled like a thing of life before the wild fury of the gale.

Rising from the wheel Rafael and her stay sail dragging her bow around, the schooner darted before the storm like a race horse, under the pilotage of Rafael, steering directly for the base of the cliff.

"I hope you know what you are about, pilot, for it is as dark as though 'twere night and the breakers ahead," anxiously said the schooner's captain.

"I have run it, sir, in just as bad a blow, and it was at night; but never before in such a tempest as this.

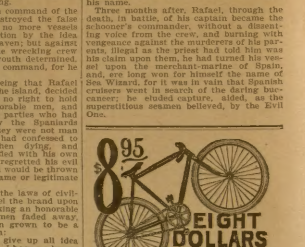
"Yet there is plenty of water, now, starboard your helm, sir; quick for you know I have but one arm to help you."

"Steady!"

Quickly had Rafael spoken, and then, ere they were aware, the schooner's crew saw above them the beetling cliffs, and, as they covered upon both sides of their vessel, which the next instant found her within the basin, out of the reach of wave and wind.

The vessel thus saved by Rafael was a private schooner, under the command of a famous buccaneer, who, for his courage and generosity in saving the vessel, appointed the youth his first lieutenant, a position he unhesitatingly accepted, exciting no little such bitterness of heart at the brand upon his name.

Three months after, Rafael, through the death, in battle, of his captain became the schooner's commander, without a dissenting voice from the crew, and burning with vengeance against the murderers of his parents, illegal as the priest had told him was his claim upon them, he had turned his vessel upon the merchant-ships of Spain, and, ere long won for himself the name of Sea Wizard. It was in vain that Spanish cruisers went in search of the daring buccaneer, he eluded capture, aided, as the superstitious seamen believed, by the Evil One.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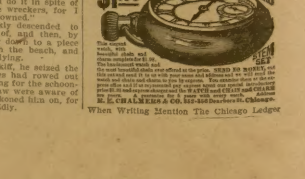


The Wizard of the Waves.

(Continued.)

When Leo reached his nineteenth year, Rafael made him second officer, for he had full confidence in him, both as a skillful seaman and for his courage, while Gervaise Lafound, whom he had met and befriended in a cafe in Havana, held the place of his first lieutenant, for until he was dismissed from the French navy for some crime he never spoke of, the dashing young officer had been respected and courted in society.

At the request of Hannibal, whom he always liked, the young chief had appointed him his private steward, for that worthy lived in holy awe of old Chloe, who pretended to be a witch, and possessed such power over her negro companion as to make him believe she was all she represented herself to be.

By the departure of Hannibal, and the wreckers, who had willingly enlisted among the crew of the schooner, the old priest and Chloe were left alone on the lonely island, but often did Rafael return there to refit or repair his vessel, and also to see Zoraide, whom he could never forget for his kindness with which he watched over his boyhood years.

CHAPTER XX.

QUELLING A MUTINY.

I will now return to the time when the Sea Wizard stood out in the gulf, with the Hermosa in full tow behind her, and prior, of course, to her appearance at the wreckers' island among the Bahamas.

Night coming on before he had run two leagues, Rafael changed his course, and stood away for the Dallas bar, so that by midnight a brig laying to, apparently waiting for day, he could see.

Running in shore of the stranger, so as to the more effectually blot his schooner from those on the brig, he approached near enough to satisfy himself that it was the Enterprise, when he ordered the helmsman to bring his vessel up in the wind and shortly the Sea Wizard was also laying to.

Calling away his cutter, he sprang into it, although the sea was rather high, and gave the order to his six oarsmen to "give way," while he told the coxswain to look for the brig.

Wrapping his large cloak around him, Rafael sat back in the stern-sheets, quiet and stern, until his coxswain said:

"We are a hailing distance, sir; but the rough sea prevents them hearing us, and they are such fools as to believe a small boat would be out at sea a night like this."

"Ho! my actions criticised?

"Beware, Richards, or you will find that you were best to have an eye aggin'," said the chief, sternly, and then he continued:

"Down into the bottom of that boat, sir, and, lads, if this fellow speaks or moves while I am absent, knock him in the head and hurl him into the sea."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the cutter's crew, while the coxswain sullenly obeyed, and sunk down on the bottom of the boat.

Taking the tiller, Rafael steered close under the brig's stern, watched his opportunity, when a big grating in the cabin window, made the painter of the cutter fast thereto in a single turn, and again taking advantage of a huge wave, by an effort of his wonderful strength threw himself upon the deck of the brig, to the marvelous surprise of the two officers who were pacing the quarter-deck.

"In heaven's name, who are you?" cried Captain Burroughs, starting back and drawing his sword.

"Are you Captain Burroughs?" quietly asked the chief.

"I am, sir; but in the name of Neptune, how did you get here?"

"Over the stern, sir, as you just saw; but, joking aside, Captain, you should have better eyes searching around you, when an enemy is near."

"So I think, when a man can board me in the fashion you just did; but who are you, sir, and whence did you come?" and the American still held his hand on his sword.

"I am he whom men call Rafael, the Sea Wizard."

"Ho, men! a guard here!"

"Hold, sir," said Burroughs, I came not simply before you to harm, but to serve you."

"True; never mind, Mr. Letson, I need not now the guard; come with me into the cabin, Captain Rafael," and the American led the way, his whole manner changing, when he once decided that it was through information given by the pirate chief that he had put to sea, and also how thoroughly the man in his power had already served his government.

"Be seated, Captain Rafael, and, steward, bring us wine," said the young officer, politely, while he leaned and gazed with interest into his visitor's face, for the wonderful career of the buccaneer was well known to him, as well as his masquerading adventure at the carnival ball.

"I think, Captain Burroughs, but I have little time to remain, for I came to inform you of a most unpleasant affair," and in his terse manner, thoroughly seamanlike, Rafael made known to the American the particulars of the chase, the running fight, and sad death of Captain Hamelle, concluding with a short history of his run seaward and return to the coast in search of the heroine.

Captain Burroughs listened attentively throughout, and with the greatest regret heard of the death of his friend, and then said:

"As the brigantine is crippled, Captain Rafael, I had better go and convey her to New Orleans."

"So I think, sir, and it was with the hope that you would, that I boarded you tonight, for I have to leave these waters for a few weeks, upon a matter of personal importance."

"If you will trust me, captain, I will pilot you to the anchorage of the brigantine, for now I must return on board of my schooner which lies to leeward of you half a mile distant, for I came here in my cutter."

"Captain Rafael, you are a remarkable man, sir, and though an outlaw, I offer you my hand in friendship. You cleverly boarded me, sir, on your trial cruise down the river, but I bear you no grudge, and appreciate your trust in me, to fearlessly place yourself in my power tonight."

The chief smiled pleasantly, grasped the gallant American's hand, and a few minutes more found him in the cutter rowing towards the Sea Wizard.

"Richards, to your duty; I will overlook your remarks tonight. Leo, light up the Wizard, and stand towards the brig," said Rafael, as he stepped on deck, and soon after the baleful glare and malign face of the old mulatto from the schooner's bow, as she headed towards the American vessel, cast the Spaniard sure, who had heard that it was the famous Sea Wizard, that had so mysteriously boarded them, to believe really that he was satan in the shape of a man, with a commanding form, handsome face, and engaging manner.

Standing down until the Sea Wizard's light almost illumined the brig's stern, the buccaneer hailed:

"Ho, the Enterprise!"

"Ahoy! the Sea Wizard!" answered the officer of the deck, and the commander:

"Follow closely in my wake, and given instructions which by nine, I will shorten sail so as not to run away from you."

"Aye, aye, sir," and the two vessels sped over the waters a couple of ship's lengths dividing them.

By sunrise the schooner lay in between the islands, behind one of which the brigantine still lay at anchor, while the brig, also anchored near her, the buccaneer rounded the island and lay to, in a channel, from whence she could command a fine view, and be seen.

Rafael ordered his boat to go on board the brigantine, for he wished to gaze once more upon the face of Ruby Woodbridge, for he knew that there the eyes of Ruby would first fall, and

COPPER CURES CONSUMPTION.

New Treatment for Consumption Endorsed by Member of British Tuberculosis Congress — "Antidotum Tuberculose" (The Copper Cure) Marvel of the Medical World —Hope for All No Matter How Bad Off.

Cured Congressman Dingley's Son and Others of Quick Galloping and Fast Consumption in Their Own Home—Any One Can Find Out About It Free—Let Every Reader of the Chicago Ledger Write the Company at Once.

Consumptives need not worry about their future any more as the long looked for cure for consumption has at last come out, and a cure is now just as sure as in the simplest headache. To satisfy yourself of this you have only to write the Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co., 71 Main street, Kalamazoo, Mich., of which the chairman is Prof. O. Kennett Southcott, a noted member of the British Tuberculosis Congress, composed of world-famous men, who have made consumption a life study. They cure it is something entirely new and is called "Antidotum Tuberculose" or the Copper Cure, and is the only discovery we know of that absolutely kills all tuberculosis germs which cause consumption, as, unless this is done, the disease cannot be cured. As the name of the remedy tells, the chief ingredient is copper, which metal has at last been found to be the deadly enemy of the consumption germ. "Antidotum Tuberculose" is the original copper cure.

You can tell if you have consumption by the coughing and hawking, by continually spitting, especially in the morning, when you throw yellow and black matter, by bleeding from the throat, short sweats, flat chest, fever, weak vefre, peculiar flushed complexion, pain in chest, wasting away of the flesh, etc. Find out how the Copper Cure kills the germs, then builds up the lungs, strengthens the heart, puts flesh on the body and muscles on the bones until the consumption is all gone and you are again a strong, healthy, robust man or woman.

Don't doubt this for the very same discovery cured A. H. Dingley, a son of Congressman Dingley of Dingley Tariff bill fame, who went west and south for relief and didn't get it, and came back with death staring him in the face and was cured by Antidotum Tuberculose after all else had failed. It cured John Dervish of Kalamazoo of galloping consumption; Dr. Adrian Dietz, 163 S. Wash St., of quick consumption; Paul DeSmith of Dalton, Mich., and ladies who had wasted away to skeletons.

So don't give up hope and don't spend your money in travel. Hundreds come back every day worse off than when they started and finally get cured by Antidotum Tuberculose, the Copper Cure. Stay home and let it cure you. Attend to it right away for consumption spreads to other members of the family. Write today to the Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co., 71 Main Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you books free of charge telling you how the Copper Cure will cure you in your own home in a very short time.

Acquired Skill.

Methodically the angry wife hurled the cup and saucer at her husband.

Seizing the meat platter she batted the salt cellar and pepper holders at him, and followed with a volley of sugar bowl, butter dishes, cream mug and knives and forks.

Seeking safety in the hall the bruised husband mused to himself:

"I knew the woman's harbored ulterior motives when she devoted so much time to the study of ping-pong."

A Newspaper Bargain Day.

Farm News, Springfield, O., is one of the leading monthly farm papers in the United States. The regular subscription price is 50 cents. Some time ago the publishers inaugurated the novel practice of a bargain day once a year. This year they make a special May Day offer of Farm News for an entire year to all who send 10 cents in silver or stamps on May Day, May 1. Orders must be dated on that day. It is no wonder that by such novel and original methods the publishers have built up a circulation of 100,000 copies. No one passes by a good 50 cent paper at 10 cents a year.

'Twas Ever Thus.

Wife—I wish you would accompany me to church this morning, my dear.

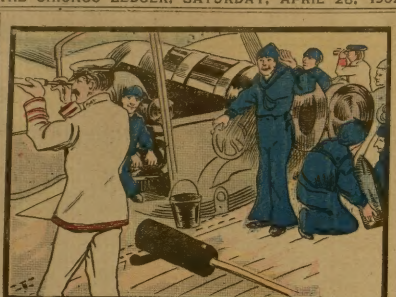
Husband—What, again? Why, it hasn't been more than six weeks since I did accompany you.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Overcrowded.

Waggles—I ain't seen you on the road lately. How's that?

Jaggles—Oh, it don't pay to tramp nowadays. There's too much competition in the business.



Lieutenant Hunt—Do you see that captain of the enemy five miles away?
Gunner's Mate—Aye, aye, sir.
Lieutenant Hunt—Let him have one of those ten-inch shells in the eye.
Gunner's Mate—Which eye, sir?

His Own Names.

If you think a foreigner's ways are queer ask yourself whether their seeming queerness may not be due mostly to your want of familiarity with them.

"You have such strange names for your town over hean," said a titled English importation to one of his new American friends. "Weehawken, Hoboken, Poughkeepsie and ever so many others, you know."

"I suppose they do sound queer to English ears," said the American, thoughtfully. "Do you live in London all the time?"

"Oh, no," said the unsuspicious Briton. "I spend part of my time at Chipping Norton and then I've a place at Pokestogg-on-the-Hike."

Broad Insinuation.

"It appears that you are brushing me down rather heavily," said the man who had consented to stand. "Aren't you new in this business?"

"No, sah," responded the boy with the broom, "I've been brushin' down all my life."

"Ah, then you always worked around a hotel?"

"No, sah; I used to brush down mules in a livery stable."

Needed Inventio..

The man who had reached the pinnacle of wealth by a sudden stock deal—typewriter, salesman aside and said: "Gentlemen, you want some kind of machine that will help a man who has been careless with spelling?"

"Yes, yes," responded the salesman; "here is one that will blur any word when it is doubtful; all you have to do is to press the key."

The Place for Them.

"Phwat do yez call thim things?" asked the Irishman on board a steamboat, pointing to a lot of queer-looking objects on deck.

"They are life-preservers," replied a bystander.

"Loife-preservers!" echoed the son of Erin. "Thin why ain't they afther takin' thim to th' hospital where paypie do be doyin' moiy dhay. Oi dunno."

No Value.

"I don't know why it is," sighed the discouraged farmer, "but all of my cabbage has died on the stalks."

"It reminds me of some of the audiences I have confronted," chuckled the pilgrim comedian.

"How is that?"

"So many deadheads."

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Nerve.

Little Girl—Please, sir, mamma wants a spool of red silk.

Crusty Shopkeeper—Why didn't your mother have sense enough to tell you the exact shade she wanted?

Little Girl—She did, sir; she said about the color of your nose.

A Good Supply.

"My friend," said the leading actor, "do you know where I can hire a few men? I want to fill my company of 'Forty Thieves.'"

"Countables are in the next street," responded the citizen.

His Taste in Refurnishing.

"Bigson says he has had his house refurnished during his wife's absence."

"As a surprise to her?"

"No; as a shock."

Independence.

"My wife does as she pleases."

"And you?"

"I do as she pleases, too."

He—What! Another check! Most extravagant! With the waste in this house we could keep a splendid pig.
Young Wife (significantly)—We do.

A CHINA HEAD

Comes From Tea Drinking.

A lady writes from Shanghai, China. "In the summer of '98 Husband and I were traveling through Southern Europe and I was finally laid up in Rome with a slow fever. An American lady gave me some Postum Food Coffee which I began using at once. It was my sole breakfast and supper. In a short time the change in my physical condition was wonderful to see. I will never travel again without Postum.

When we arrived in Shanghai we were in an English community and found ourselves in the midst of the four o'clock tea custom. Before long we began to have sleepless nights and nervous days as a result of our endeavors to be amiable and conform to custom.

As soon as it could arrive from San Francisco we had a large supply of Postum Food Coffee and began its use at the four o'clock tea table. I cannot tell how popular the coffee table became for afternoon callers. In fact a number of the business men, as well as missionaries, use Postum now wholly in place of tea and the value of the change from coffee and tea cannot be estimated." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Something Like Speed.

Lately a man from the east and a man from the far west were arguing about the speed of trains in their respective parts of the country. Naturally, each wished to claim honor for his own section. Said the westerner: "I was traveling on the Pacific Railroad, and when the Chief of the Line passed a snow shed a mile long which flashed past us like a telegram. We were traveling so fast."

"Oh," said the other, "we go a lot faster than that. Why, last week my wife came to see me off from my place, and as I leaned out of the car window to shake her the train started, and I kissed a cow looking over the fences fourteen miles away, instead of kissing my wife."

Self-Hypnotic Healing!

I have made a late discovery whereby I can heal the sick all ill health in fifteen minutes instantly, awaken at once the dormant powers in all bodies, diseased and healthful. Anyone can heal themselves instantly at first trial, control their thoughts, cure friends at a distance, avoid all part of the earth, solve hard questions and problems in this sleep of Self-Hypnotic Healing. Wonderful Book and Valuable Lessons will be sent to anyone ABSOLUTELY FREE, postage paid, who writes me. I have no fake scheme whatever. PROF. H. E. DUTTON, Lincoln, Neb., Dept. 12.

A Verb.

"What part of a speech is button?" asked the teacher of the second grade in grammar class.

"It's a verb," exclaimed Bobby, positively.

"A verb!" echoed the teacher, in surprise. "How do you make that out?"

"Why," answered Bobby, "when a goat gives a feller a button he don't it express action, bein' and state of bein'."

Great Scheme.

"Somehow we can't attract the people," complained the theatrical manager. "We have been advertising match safes and taken out awning, too."

"Why not offer silver half-pint flasks?" asked the comedian.

"By Jove, that would help patronage."

"Yes; we would surely have a full house."

A Hard Pull.

"Yes; it took my wife and me and my mother and my wife's mother and her sisters and an old aunt of mine and half a dozen other relatives to pull our first boy through till it was two years old."

"And did he come becomes stronger by that time?"

"No; we had another by that time and came out of the dream."

But Not in Stocks.

"Any news for me?" asked the financial reporter as he entered the Wall street office.

"Not a bit," responded the tall bookkeeper, "excepting that I just hugged the prettiest stenographer."

Discouraged.

"Why are you crying, little boy?"

"I'm discouraged with Sunday school."

"How is that?"

"Why, I heard de new teacher say he thought his work would bear fruit. I thought he meant he was going to distribute apples an' oranges, but I didn't get a thing."

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn., (The Chalk Rock), says any one suffering from a Kidney and Bladder disease will write him he will tell them what he used. He is not a dealer in medicine and has nothing to sell or give, just directs you to a perfect cure.

Pa's Idea.

Little Willie—Say, pa, is it true that woman was originally made from the rib of man?

Pa—So we are taught to believe, my son; but, between you and me, I think she was made from the wishbone.

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What He Had Missed.

He (tenderly)—Darling, you are really and truly the only girl I ever loved.

She—Well, all I've got to say is that you have missed a lot of fun.

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FREE GOLD WATCH

This watch has American movement fully warranted to keep correct time. Its case is solid Gold Plated, equal in appearance to a Gold Filled case, but will wear 20 years. We will give it FREE to boys or girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of jewelry at 10c each. Send us your name and address and we will mail the jewelry prepaid, when sold send us the $2 and we will positively send you the watch. Write to-day.

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The most delightful of games all the year round. May be played indoors or out. Everybody plays it. Parlor, sunday, vacation use. NEW, perfect, $2.50, by express, including yellow buttlecock, regulation Ping Pong table, green net, supports, &c., and full instructions. This is the Genuine Ping Pong, (Trademark Registered.) Dealers and Agents wanted—write for the invitation. A BONANZA FOR AGENTS. Big prices and new money making plan free.

P. J. SCHULTE, 301 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago

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Storyettes.

His Plea Was Vain.

The man had a pretty good head of hair, fairly long, but not too long. His jaws were squared and he had a determined, to say, desperate, air about him as he plumped himself into a chair in a Fourteenth street barber shop.

"Hair cut?" inquired the barber.

The man twisted himself about in the chair, and presented a countenance hard as nails to the barber.

"No," he said. "I do not want a hair cut; and every word sounded like the impact of a hailstone on a glasscroof. "I want my hair trimmed."

"Very well, sir," said the barber, toying with his shears and getting ready.

"No; it isn't all right," breathed the man in the chair, in low, tense, harsh tones. "Not by a damsite is it all right. You say it's all right, but you're in a trance and you don't know what you're talking about. Let me impress it hard: I don't want a hair cut; I want my hair trimmed. I want a little bit of hair taken off the sides and back, and the rough edges removed from the top. That's the whole extent of the tonsorial work I require of you on this occasion. Let me make it a little plainer. If you take advantage of my helpless position as I sit in this chair and slather away at my mop until you've got me looking like a ticket-of-leave man or a sparring partner for a mitt-ist, and I get mad and mussed up over it, happen to you that you never saw a picture of even in the Police Gazette.

"If you think that I'm swelling up a few on this topic, I'll just make a little explanation of the reason why: For about six months past I have been striving to have the hair on Washington trim my hair. Latterly, I've been begging them, imploring them, kneeling and groveling to them, stalking on my stomach to them, to trim my hair, and they have promised to do it, but none of them ever did. They've all rolled up their sleeves, spat on their hands, grabbed their shears and plowed my scalp until I looked like a plumber's apprentice sitting in the front row of a set-to at a ward on a Saturday night.

"They've framed me up and sent me forth upon a leering world looking like a bullet-headed longshoreman who's blown himself to an eight-cent treat with the clippers in a water-front mattress factory. They have gouged the sides and back of my head so that the hair 'ud stick out like dwarfed jib-booms on a derelict sawing over. I look like a Bloodfield second-story worker on a layoff after a nifty job. They have held me up to the ridicule of my family and my friends, and, worse than that, they have poked jagged holes in my self-esteem. Now, I want my hair trimmed—t-r-i-m-m-e-d, trimmed, do you get that? Do you get me your word, on the level, that you'll trim and not cut, my hair? Will you?" he all-but-yelled, said the barber, smiling.

Then the barber went to work and took enough hair off the man's head, as usual, to stuff a doll's sofa pillow, and when he got through, as usual, the man in the chair looked like a variety actor just out of life insurance and calling upon his best girl.

When he had finished the man in the chair took one long look at himself in the glass, groaned heavily, and staggered forth into the street, shaking his head and gibbering hopelessly:

"It's no use. They wont do it. They wont need the hair."

Nobody Killed.

"I have heard a good deal in one way and another of Providence," said a Detroiter, who was in a reflective mood the other day, "and I can cite what looks like a fair instance of it. I was in the western part of the state this last winter, and business took me out to a farm where a portable steam engine was sawing wood. Things were running at a high pressure, with half a dozen men at work, and I sat down on a log with my man to talk business. An engineer might have noticed by the hiss of the steam that the water in the boiler of the engine was low, but, of course, I had no suspicions. I had been talking for perhaps ten minutes when a big rat ran out from under a pile of wood and made for the barn. Some one raised a yell and we all jumped up and grabbed clubs and started after the rodent. The snow was deep enough to bother him. We had gone only about 200 feet from the engine. We were in a circle and whacking at him when there was a roar like a cannon, and every man was knocked flat. The boiler had bursted, and if we had kept our places not a man of us would have escaped death. As it was, no one was even hurt. A justice of the peace came along just then and said he thought he'd better hold an inquest.

"As no one has been killed, what's the use of an inquest?' was asked.

"'But how are you going to do it?'

"'You'll see. Now, then, Jones, you was running the engine?'

"'I was.'

"'You know all about engines and boilers?'

"'I do.'

"'Steam wasn't too high nor water too low in this case?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Everything just as it should be when

Mistress—Do you know, Susan, that I can actually write my name in the dust on the table"

Susan—Faith, mum, that's more than I can do. Sure, there's nothing like education, after all!

she took a bust and you can swear to it.'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'All right. When a biler busts either Joner or Providence is to blame for it, and as Jones has cleared himself there's nothing to do but to lay it on Providence and be durned glad it was no worse."

George Ade Drank Oil.

There are a good many incidents in the life of George Ade, the humorist, that the public doesn't know about. It is true that Ade once wrote his autobiography, but he read copy on it himself and had the natives of Hanging Rock blue their pencils with his own hands,so those who read it were informed of several things that are common talk down in Kentland, Ind., where he was born and educated.

It would be hard to convince any one in Chicago that Ade once followed the plow. But it is an amusing story is told of a mistake he once made while turning weeds between rows of corn in an Indiana field.

Ade, then a long, lean, hungry-looking youth, was putting in his summer vacation on a farm, working from sunrise to sunset for a man who was known as the best fellow he ever knew, because he gave him eighteen cents to do a day's worth of corn-plowing. Compelling him to finish in six. One day the considerate countryman sent Ade into the field with two jugs. One contained water and the other machine oil. He planted both jugs under a hedge fence and started out after the plow.

Along in the afternoon he grew thirsty, and, rushing up to the hedge, grabbed up the jug which he supposed contained water and sent a stream coursing down his throat. He did not discover until he had taken on a fair-sized consignment of the lubricant that he had made a mistake.

For some little time it was an open question whether the farmer would not need a new hand, but medical skill finally pulled the pale-faced youngster through the kinks and stood him on his feet. This was his last experience at farming.

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SPECIAL POLICE Active, Intelligent men to patrol and protect property. Salary $75 monthly. Experience unnecessary. Address PATROL, 120 Hermitage Block, CHICAGO.

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This Beautiful Watch

is sent free to boys and girls for selling 20 packages of Bluine at 10c each. They act at sight. No money required. We trust you. Return the money when sold, and we will send you the watch. Other premiums, large and valuable, fully guaranteed, sent when Bluine is sold. Write For Bluine and 1902 Premium Catalogue. Premiums to select from.

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Or,
LURED TO THE FOOTLIGHTS.

By E. BURKE COLLINS,

Author of "Darke House Mystery," "A Fallen Star," "The Rajah's Jewels," "A Dangerous Game," Etc.

Begun in No. 9, March 1. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from any news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XX.

GOOD NEWS.

Mrs. Morris drew Barbara gently down to a seat, but the old lady herself was evidently very much agitated.

"What is it, Barbie?" she whispered. The girl's reply was to thrust, all trembling, the message into her mother's hand.

"Glad is good, mamma," she said, in a quivering voice, "and I am prepared for a wonderful surprise. Page—papa is living and—"

She could not finish; the great tears—tears of joy and happiness—were running down her cheeks. With a cry, her mother glanced at the telegram. It was wonderful news, indeed. This is what it said:

"San Francisco, Cal. To Miss Barbara Morris, No. — Blank street, Philadelphia, Pa.: Have suffered shipwreck and other ills. Will start for home in a few hours.—John Morris."

Short, but to the point; condensing a long story of suffering into the brief space of a telegram, but it satisfied Barbara. The scene that followed can only be adequately described. Mother and daughter embraced each other, weeping for very joy. And when Barbara, glancing up swiftly, caught Gilbert Luttrell's black looks fixed upon her closely, it seemed like a dark cloud which had suddenly overspread her sky, turning all their rejoicing into mourning. But she determined not to be affected by anything connected with Gilbert Luttrell; she would not allow him to be the means of casting a shadow upon their joy. She would ignore him altogether.

"Come what may," she murmured, under her breath, "Gilbert Luttrell has nothing to do with it, and I will not recognize him as having any claim upon my life, or mamma's. As soon as papa gets home safely, all will be well. I know he will never go to sea any more, after all this bitter parting. And"—she caught her breath with a little cry of delight—"now that he is coming back all right, there will be no need to bring the suit. I have dreaded it, and thought—having to meet the public, and appear in court as the one to vindicate myself—that papa would have dreaded it, not even poor mamma had once suspected. But, now, papa is coming home again, there will be no need."

She could hardly restrain herself. She wept and laughed by turns, and even Mrs. Morris was not much better. And then, of course, the missing man was presently himself alive and coming home—where he would be very much in evidence, and surely no one could create the fact of his being alive—it was pronounced sufficient cause to remand the two prisoners so strangely concerned in the affair, back to prison, until the missing man could be interviewed on the point. That would be four or five days now, if Captain Morris started for home at the time suggested in his telegram.

So, with glad hearts, Mrs. Morris and Barbara returned home to prepare for the return of the missing one, and to mingle their tears of joy at the good news, which somehow did not seem possible, for they had made up their minds that the husband and father had gone where they would never see him more.

"And I do think, mamma," cried Barbara, with streaming eyes, "when we were so sure that poor papa was dead, and we should never see him again, there all the time, he was trying to get back to us, knowing that we shall find out, when he comes and tells us his whole story, that he has been terribly detained by some one, for purpose, you ask? Ah, that I do not know, but, rest assured, we shall find out, and it will surprise us, I feel certain."

But Mrs. Morris did not have so vivid an imagination as Barbara and she did not believe that there was any such romance attached to the captain's disappearance as her daughter did; she thought it more the result of accident, and so remained quiet until his return, to explain all.

According to their calculations, they might expect Captain Morris upon the following Saturday, so upon that day, both Barbara and her mother, having placed the little flat in perfect order, and prepared a dainty dinner, which had been bought with the money in their purse, started for the depot, where they expected to await the train upon which they were to be gladdened by the sight of their loved one. How slowly the moments went. It seemed an endless time until the twelve o'clock train steamed into the depot. They strained their eyes for the first glimpse of the loved face, but all in vain.

One by one, the passengers left the coaches; there were groups, there was an elderly woman and a young man; but there was no dearly loved, familiar face to greet them, and no cheery voice rang in their ears, in welcome accents. Barbara looked at her mother; Mrs. Morris returned the look, her heartbreak. Then, the two women broke down and wept bitterly.

"What can have happened, mamma?" cried Barbara, in trembling accents. Her mother shook her head. In that hour, it seemed to the heartsick woman as though she was forsaken, and that God had forgotten her and hers.

"We may find a telegram home," suggested Barbara, at length.

"True," returned her mother. "Let us make haste. If anything has come for us, the neighbors will take charge of it. Try and be brave, my child, and not forsake us."

With hasty steps they wended their way homeward. But there was no telegram—nothing. As Captain Morris had given no address in his message, they could not wire in return. It was a mystery, a dark and impenetrable labyrinth, without a possible clew.

Worn out by disappointment and the hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, Mrs. Morris sank into a state of melancholia, while poor Barbara's heart bled, and she could welcome death itself, to relieve her mother from her suffering.

The time which followed was a time which Barbara and her mother never liked to recall while they lived. A succession of dark days which followed, were enough to leave their mark upon their lives. Long, dreary days, unrelieved by a single hope; with nothing to do but suffer and await the inevitable. Oh, there was never anything sadder. As Captain Morris had given no clew to any work or occupation, for they had no heart to work; their brains were inactive, their eyes were red with weeping, and no gleam ray of light. All was utter darkness.

And so the days and the weeks soon became weeks; the weeks turned into months and thus six months passed, but still no word of the lost Captain Morris. It was the most profound mystery the most perfect puzzle and problem that they had ever encountered. Lewis Russell had been finally released from prison, and had offered bail for Captain Morris to have telegraphed his family that he was safe, but nothing came. Gilbert Luttrell also was set free from his cruel detention. It began to look as though a man, a reputable citizen, might be lost to sight and knowledge forever more, and that the world would not care, and after the first excitement no more trouble to be taken, no attempt made to find the lost one, to vanish completely, as though no one cared. And Gilbert Luttrell had left Philadelphia disappeared, and no one seemed to know whose fault it was. Lewis Russell came on board in the fall—his old home—with Mrs. Morris and Barbara, and the sum he paid therefore was considered a fair one, and accepted women.

And ever and always, there rested upon Barbara's heart the memory of her beloved father. She could not forget him, and she dreamed of him every night, until her life began to appear like a waking dream. Always she saw her father at the time of a prisoner somewhere; in a deep, dark dungeon far under the ground, and he was chained; and that he had enemies who had done him some dreadful wrong, she was firmly convinced. Again, she saw him still underground, in the midst of a heap of gold and precious stones. Then she saw his face grow pale and thin, and his breath fall slowly, and she knew that he was dying, sobe, crying brokenly:

"Oh, mamma, he is dead. We shall never see him again." The poor child grew thin and pale. Her health failed rapidly and the heartsick mother said to herself that her child, too, must die and she be left alone.

And then, came terrible news for Lewis, though never was it known for certain sure. The papers contained a brief notice of the marriage of Gilbert Luttrell to Miss Stuart, with Gilbert Luttrell. Barbara felt a sense of relief, to know that the man she feared so would trouble her no more, but her poor soul heart had hardly power to feel any sorrow, and she was but a source of fear to herself. Her mother had sunk into a state of sad and pitiful apathy, while poor Barbara strove with all her might to do her duty, and try and keep up for her mother's sake.

One day, about a month after the news of the marriage Barbara was walking down near the wharf. For the first time, she observed a tall, thin building, which bore an ugly old building, with a sign above the door. Something prompted her to pause and decipher that sign.

CHAPTER XXI.

"AFTER LONG GRIEF AND PAIN."

It was a battered old sign—black letters upon a faded back ground, and the legend it bore was "Sailor's Home." For a brief space Barbara stood speechless, reading and re-reading that announcement; her eyes filled with tears and she grew pale and sad.

"Sailor's Home, indeed," she exclaimed. "I wonder what sort of a place this is. Usually public institutions try to present a neat exterior, and, I declare, I do not believe in this 'home' for the poor, homeless Jack Tar.' I know I would not like to think my poor father was destined to end his days in such a place, with such unsightly surroundings. That reminds me, mamma would be very much annoyed if she knew I had ventured down here alone. I must go at once."

She was about to turn away and retrace her steps, when she was startled, terrified by a wild shriek which seemed to come from the interior of the 'home.' It was a man's voice, but weak and feeble, and somehow it made Barbara shudder. All suffering had power to touch her heart, but this fairly wrung it. It was so perfectly heartbroken. And then, oh, the horror of it—there came the sharp sound of blows descending upon a human form. There was no mistake about it; although it did appear preposterous, in the broad daylight, in the confines of a peaceful city, Barbara stood awed and trembling for a moment, then she started off bravely bound for the police station. This was a case for the interference of the authorities.

Fifteen minutes later, she returned in company with an officer who was greatly interested in the young girl's account. He declared that this "Sailors' Home" was known to the police, and took notice of the place; that strange stories had been whispered concerning its interior arrangements, but, no transgression of law being reported, the police had never taken any steps in the matter. The time had come; and the officer looked grim and determined as he rang the bell at the front door of the institution, and, followed by Barbara, entered the house.

They were inside before Barbara could catch her breath, and a scene of darkness and utter cheerfulness, no one ever saw before. There in a corner of a barren, dirty room, a man was tied up—an old man, unshaven, unshorn, ragged and dirty, who had been treated to a dose of cat-o'-nine-tails, so the villainous looking proprietor declared.

"How dare you?" cried the girl, passionately. "How dare you do such awful things?"

The human brute laughed.

"He's crazy, and we have to keep them straight," he answered. "Now, that old fellow, he's a sailor, he have just been drugged. No one can do anything with him, and—"

"Barbie, Barbie!"—moaned a weak voice, and Barbara uttered a shriek that was almost all over-joy. A moment, and she had the ragged figure in her arms, and was kissing the bearded face, ecstatically. Her father was found. She buried her face in his bosom, and the well known voice, full of joy, began to protest, cried:

"Oh, papa, papa! Thank God, we have found you at last!"

Then, turning to the attendant, she added in a voice of command, "Release prisoner and those who have paid you to do this—not a single word, you may be aware, but the old gentleman is a person of high standing and influence, and will suffer severely for the man who has caused this trouble and suffering, whoever he may be."

The attendant obeyed her silently. "I will tell you the manner of the two who brought him here, and are the cause of this institution. It is the Luttrell Brothers—one of the worst crooks and sharks in this country, and it will be well for the public when they are safe behind iron bars."

"Come, papa," she added, while the tears of joy streamed down her face. "I have seen Inside, and driving towards the police station, I will surrender to justice."

One can imagine better than describe that meeting with his wife—the home to Captain Morris after he had given up all hope of ever seeing her and his child again. He was overcome with joy, and told him with utter amazement, and when it was finished Barbara looked at her mother, and, observing that "Gilbert Luttrell was the greatest villain unfettered."

But the greatest wonder of all, to Captain Morris, was Barbara's intended marriage with Lewis Russell—Barbara's lover, and the punishing of his enemies. Great was Barbara's surprise to give up her intended, and when the story was told he looked at Barbara, and told him with utter amazement, and when it was finished Barbara looked at her mother

Bunkoed!

Tenderfoot an' his name is Jim—
Somethin' or other. Long an' slim—
'Mind you a lot of a rattler pale
Walkin' along on its dad-burn tail!
Face all white, an' a long red nose,
Blushin' away like a full-blown rose.

Well, Jim don't seem sich a on'ry cuss—
All agrees that he might be wuss;
Gets together an' 'lows that we
Rounds 'im up for the third degree;
Gives it out to the 'foreaid Jim.
Aimin' to have some fun with him.

Grinnin' an' takin' it easy-like—
Pore Missourian just from Pik—
'Lows he's out for to learn a heap
'Bout the West; an' he aims to keep
Swellerin' wisdom's long as we
Deems he's needin' the third degree.

So we calls the boys to the new saloon; ;
Stakes Jim out; an' we craves the boon
O' drinkin' him into a trance before
Ever he passes the outer door!
But never a skeer does we raise on Jim—
'Pears like nothin' kin startle him.

Midnight comes, an' we're drunk a lot
Nary a soul in the whole jackpot
Able successful to navigate;
But tricklin' down at a steady gait
Into the chest o' that sanlin' Jim—
Whisky ain't even disturbin him!

Run comes up an' it sets some more;
Still asleep on the sawdust floor.
Sound as a log; but the third day out,
We wakes a heap an' we blinks about
Sickly an' sad fer that hungry Jim—
Don't seem even a sight o' him!

Which we shore discovers he plays us deep!
Drinkin' the whole camp sound asleep,
Roundin' up every horse we've got,
Packin' 'em deep with our guns a lot!
Rifles our clothes of our last peso.
Then hits the long trail for Mex.-o!

An' stranger, that's why all so fervent we're
Cussin' big holes in the atmosphere!
Ain't nary a gun in the whole durn camp;
Ain't even the price of a postage stamp;
But we thirsts for the blood of that gangliin' slim
Tenderfoot which his name is Jim!

An Important Particular.

"Did you see that article in the paper the other morning about the discovery of a new way to embalm people after they are dead?" asked the lady who continues to believe that she doesn't look a day over thirty.

"No," the one who gave up the struggle several years ago replied, "I didn't happen to notice it."

"Well, it seems that some undertaker has found out how to make a fluid that when injected into the body will preserve it forever—not as Egyptian mummies are preserved, but exactly as the person was in life. There is no shriveling up, no swathing or anything of that kind. The body simply becomes petrified and in spite of being stone looks just as it did in life. I'm so glad this wonderful discovery has been made. I have always had a horror of being put into the ground to decay or perhaps be eaten by worms. The old Egyptian way didn't appeal to me, though. I wouldn't care to become a shriveled and blackened mummy. But to remain just as beautiful as in life, that—"

"Still, are you sure that this embalming fluid you speak of preserves the enamel as well as the flesh? If it doesn't, think how horrible it will be to be preserved forever with only your own complexion and—"

At this point the wires crossed and communication was cut off.

Body and Mind Overworked.

"What scared you so? You are all out of breath."

"I just crossed the street in front of a cross-eyed bicyclist who was in a hurry."

Proper Definition

Mrs. Goodthing (after having made a round of the stores)—Dear me, I am just used up!

Mr. Goodthing—Oh, no. You're only a little shopworn.

He—Do you believe that all men are born free and equal?

She—Yes, and I believe all women are born a little more so.

Culinary Illustration.

"Draaa butter."

This Is the Time of Year

When strong, vigorous women feel the delight of planning for spring adornment and the most becoming headdress. Spring has delights for most of womenkind except the run-down, worn-out woman who feels that she has passed a miserable existence through the winter by reason of the ills that women are heir to, and the spring finds her weakened and debilitated. She has no ambitions to look pretty or pleasing because her strength has been drained away by periodical weaknesses that have sapped her strength and vigor. Her eyes are dull, her complexion sallow, and she feels a burden to her husband, family and friends. This is the time when she most requires a wholesome corrective—a tonic adapted to her peculiar needs, a prescription scientifically compounded of vegetable ingredients by a physician of high standing and large experience who has made a study of the treatment for the delicate organism of women.

Such a tonic and corrective is found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, supplemented when desired by the medical counsel and advice of Dr. R. V. Pierce, whose long experience and great success has placed him at the head of specialists in the treatment and cure of diseases peculiarly womanly. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a purely vegetable preparation, containing no alcohol and being entirely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics. It cannot disagree with the most delicate constitution. It cures headache, nervousness, backache, sleeplessness and other ills by curing the womanly diseases which cause these ailments. It establishes regularity, dries unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"When I commenced the use of your medicines I was quite run-down in strength; was weak and tired most of the time," writes Mrs. S. L. Tupper, of Sheboygan Falls, Wis. "After taking six bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and six of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I felt like a different person, and was able to do my work without knowing what it was to feel tired. My complexion was also greatly benefited."

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THE YOUNG INVINCIBLES;

Or,

THE BOY PATRIOTS OF '61.

By J. M. MERRILL, Author of "From Forge to Fortune," Etc.

Begun in No. 12, March 22. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.

VICTORY FOR THE INVINCIBLES.

The scene was dramatic in the extreme.

The lights from within streamed over the actors in the little scene before the house.

Big Hank Witchell stood staring as if dumfounded at the audacity of the lad before him. His fair companion dropped her hand from the top of his arm and darted back into the house, emitting a terrific yell as she ran.

"Up with yer hands and s'render!" piped little Fud, in his shrill, childish treble. When the big deserter saw the puny boy confronting him he seemed first amused, then angry, and perhaps a trifle ashamed.

Of course he must have known that men in the employ of Uncle Sam were looking for him, although it is hardly to be supposed that he expected to be confronted with so small a hunter as the one before him.

"Put yer gun, babe," cried Witchell. "Wot dey' 'allow?"

An ominous click warned the speaker that the boy was disposed to be dangerous at all events. With a quick bending of his body, the athletic Witchell struck the muzzle of the gun, turned it aside and wrenched the weapon from the boy's hands.

With the fury of an angry catamount Bit the Fud Evans sprang at the big ruffian, shouting for help at the top of his voice.

Hank Witchell grasped the unresponsive lad by the collar with one hand, and raising him aloft, tossed him aside with considerable force against the ground, after which the now thoroughly alarmed deserter grasped the shotgun in both hands and glared sharply about on every side, his wide nostrils moving with the quick respiration indicative of personal fear. The time for action had surely come. Josh realized this when he saw several dim shadows darkening the doorway, faces of the men-folk and the Invincibles were on hand to overpower.

"Gi' 'Adder, this way! The rest of you hold the house and shoot anybody who tries to run away," yelled Captain Bob, at the top of his voice, as he saw the man making a dash at Witchell, with drawn pistol in hand.

The big deserter lowered his gun until the muzzle touched the breast of fearless Bob and pulled the trigger. Fortunate, indeed, was it for the boy captain of the Invincibles that the percussion in the cap of the gun nipple was damp and failed to explode. Seeing the desperation of the man, and being somewhat excited himself, Bob Cutter, who had for his own weapon a gun, also pulled the trigger in self-defense.

A flash and dull report followed. Big Hank Witchell uttered a cry of pain and dropping his gun, rushed upon Bob, intent on crushing him with his great weight. Perhaps the deserter might have succeeded in his design had not Bob Evans rushed again to the front, red with pain and anger. Now Hank Witchell reach after Bob with one hairy hand, then, darting low, he planted his round little head against in the big man's stomach, doubling him in the twinkling of an eye. A groan announced the well-aimed conflict of the leader of the deserter fugitives.

Josh and Bob were quickly upon the prostrate tough. Each member of the Union Invincibles had been provided with hickory sticks, like Hank Witchell's arms and legs while the fellow was in a semi-conscious condition.

Springing quickly to his feet, Bob turned his attention to the five companions of Witchell, who had crowded to the door, and were now held at bay by the pointed muzzles of the patriotic boys' weapon.

"No use, Sam," called Edgar Pelton. "We have got you now. We won't hurt you if you'll come along and behave yourselves."

The deserters were unarmed and moreover they were cowards at heart. Their astonishment was great, however, at seeing so many against so few at the battle. When the startled fugitives would have turned back into the house and made an attempt to escape by the rear way, they found behind them Dick Strong with his double-barreled shotgun, and beside him stood, could they believe their eyes, the Hercules form of Major Grimbold, the United States provost marshal.

"We've got you, boys, so there's no use kicking," drawled the government official, with a tantalizing smile.

There was nothing for the deserters to do but knuck under. They had been cleverly captured. The provost marshal placed three of them in irons, when, his stock of bracelets having been exhausted, the buckskin strips of the boy Invincibles came into play and every one of the deserters was securely bound.

After everything was quiet again, Bob looked into each face sharply. The man he had hoped to find was not there. Jabin Brant had given them the slip, as well as Casper Courtney. The batch captured was an important one, however, and the boy patriots were in consequence very greatly elated. They were not quite through, however, as the provost marshal Grimbold, who had only appeared on the scene after the victory had been won, for he could not seem disposed to claim much of the credit for the capture, and consulted with Bob about the disposition of the prisoners.

It was finally decided to take them up the river a few miles to the landing at the rear of the Cutter farm, from which point a sloop could be secured to take the settlers to continue the trip to Woodburg.

Hank Witchell was found to be but slightly wounded by the bullet from Bob's pistol. In fact, he had been more frightened than hurt, for which our boy commander was extremely thankful.

It is hardly necessary for the reader with an account of the trip to Woodburg, where the captured deserters were lodged in the county jail for safe keeping. The news of the capture soon spread and the exploit of the boy patriots of Hemlock Run became the common talk of people throughout the town.

Meantime nothing was seen of Renover or Gaddis, and it was thought that he had fled immediately after his wicked assault upon Bob Cutter.

Casper Courtney met Mrs. Goldrod in Woodburg some time later, and obtained her reluctant consent for Susan to remain for a time at the Cutters'. She quickly wrote a letter to the absent husband, and never, she assured Courtney, cared to see the evil man more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN ARREST—CONCLUSION.

It was a great day in Woodburg when the prisoners were marshaled in the big public room of the court house, which was the stage for Furniture City, where it was expected they would be tried, convicted and hurried to Washington for punishment.

Captain Bob and several of the Invincibles were on hand to see the prisoners off. Just before the time for the start a most disagreeable surprise was in store for the people of Woodburg and on one individual in particular.

Marshal Grimbold was very officious on the present occasion, and as the time drew near he seemed to take the most of the credit for the capture of the deserters to himself, and was very annoying to our boy patriots of the Invincibles.

"Yes," he was heard to Judge Humphrey of the circuit court, "I laid my plans well, and grabbed a lot of the rascals at one haul. I fancy Old Abe will remember me for this."

It understood that Hiram Cutter—son, Bob, engineered the capture, and that of his brother Jabin, and of his, who have formed a patriotic association known as the Invincibles.

"All a mistake, I assure you, Judge. I am the man who is entitled to all the credit, so aside my claims for anybody. I am to accompany the prisoners to the city, maybe as far as Washington."

"Just a moment, sir," Casper Courtney stepped from the hall into the room, and approached the marshal.

"Eh, Mr. Courtney?"

I have something to say to you in private, sir. Step this way, please."

Speak right out here, old man," uttered the marshal, turning a deprecating countenance toward the other. "I haven't any wish to do anything in the dark, Tain't legal."

"Oh, very well, then," and Courtney laid a hand on the pompous man's shoulder, seeming in a low yet distinct voice to say to his prisoner, Mr. Grimbold."

The swarthy cheek of the marshal paled perceptibly, yet he affected to laugh at the pretentions of the other, pushing him back angrily.

Raising the lapel of his coat Courtney displayed the insignia of an officer in the secret service of the United States government. The sight of this cowed the provost marshal as by magic. He even offered no remonstrance when handcuffs were snapped over his wrists. He was led away with the other prisoners, and safely stowed aboard the extra stage employed for the occasion.

"It is this way," said Courtney, in reply to a question from the surprised Judge Humphrey. "The department has for some time been in possession of facts which led to the belief, amounting to conviction, that your marshal here has been accepting bribes from draft-evaders and deserters from the army. We have proof enough to convict, so you need not look for an early return of your provost marshal."

Nor did the official ever appear in Woodburg again. He was taken suddenly ill at Furniture City, and shortly after died, thus forestalling the government. The Union Invincibles did not disband after the signal victory at the Dam, but continued an organization till the end of the war.

Casper Courtney returned to the Cutter home some six months later and was delighted to find Sue still a member of the family, and decidedly happy. Her mother did not appear to claim her, and as for Bertha over Goldrod, it was learned that he was dead, having been accidentally killed while pursuing a deserter to a hiding place in a swamp.

The gun carried by the runaway soldier was accidentally discharged, settling the earthly accounts of the Union-hater forever.

Bob Cutter and Dick Strong enlisted in the spring of '65. They saw something of genuine army life, and returned a few months later with a little knowledge that they had done their duty as patriotic boys and citizens of the grandest government on the face of the earth.

Casper Courtney did not explain his relations with the Goldrods till after the war, when, coming back to Hemlock Run in company with his father-in-law, Hiram Cutter, he remained a long time a visitor with the Cutter family.

"Jasper Dritte was a very dear friend of mine," he explained. "He married Bertha, a rather frivolous girl, I thought, and lived not an ideal life with her. Susan was a child of the war, you know. When she was about two years old, Jasper Dritte died. I was with him at the end, promised to look after that the widow and child did not suffer. A year or two later Mrs. Dritte, his widow, married a shiftless fellow named Goldrod. I exacted a promise from him to care well for little Susan and then we drifted apart. I went west and remained a few years. The war came on and I was offered my service to the government at Washington. I entered the secret army at the end of which time I received a wound that laid me on the shelf for a time. By degrees I gravitated into the civil department of the secret service and was detailed to look into the disturbances which took into some crookedness connected with the department of the provost marshal. You all know the result.

"I found my sister and also ran upon the Goldrods. I think I frightened him out of this community at any rate."

"And so you married, giving me a good home," said pretty Sue, who was now a happy-eyed matron, the pet of the Invincibles.

"I am glad if you think so, but I imagine you owe more to the Cutters. However, when they are tired of the burden, let me know, and I'll relieve them."

"You'll never take Sue away from us," declared Hiram Cutter, who was now cultivating his first mustache, and assuming manly airs, much to Josh Evans' envy. "That's settled for good and all."

Casper Courtney smiled knowingly, as he glanced at the speaker.

"I am thinking," said he, "that your mother will have something to say."

"Yes, I shall; she is the same as an own child, Casper," declared the mother-wife. "Sue came to us in our troubles days, she will remain with us in our time of happiness and prosperity."

Again Casper Courtney smiled, as he glanced with a meaningful glance at Bob, out of the tail of his eye. The latter blushed and looked confused.

With the passage of time great changes were wrought in the river country. Hemlock Run became a thickly settled, jarming community while Woodburg expanded into a large city.

On the bench once occupied so ably by Judge Humphrey sat, quite portly, Justice Judge Robert Cutter, one of the most upright conscientious officials in the Wolverine state, and Susan Drifte is and has long been his wife.

Sometimes, when the cares of court and books are not pressing, the good Judge delights in chatting with his friends in the social board, to recall the days that tried men's souls, when he, Bob Cutter, the Union Invincibles played their part in the stirring scenes of the by-gone time.

(The end.)

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CAPTURING A POLAR BEAR ALIVE.

BY F. C. JACKSON.

From March to September, 1897, I made my first Arctic voyage with Captain Gray of the steam-whaler Erik, four hundred tons, seventy horse-power. At Peterhead, Scotland, we had taken on board, in sections, a strong iron cage, which at the time excited considerable comment and speculation as to its intended use.

I was greatly delighted to learn that it was meant for a polar bear. Captain Gray hoped that a large bear, if not a full-grown one, might be captured and brought back home alive, as liberal offers had been made for such an animal, if uninjured. None larger than a cub had been previously been secured, and there would be plenty of fun in taking a big one.

It was late in June, and I had shot several polar bears. Captain Gray and I frequently discussed the best means of taking one alive. I devised a kind of lasso made out of a "forester"—a portion of the harpoon line, about twenty fathoms long, constructed of Manila fiber, attached immediately to the harpoon.

At the end of this line I made a running loop, and then tied it with thin twine to the end of a long boathook, allowing the line from the loop to run through my hand. My intention was to use the boat-hook pole to put the loop over the bear's head, break the twine connecting the loop with the boat-hook, lay this aside, and hold the bear by the lasso.

To the conservative minds of the crew, this apparatus appeared too "new-fangled" to be of the slightest use. I resolved, however, to test the gear at the first opportunity.

One afternoon a bear was reported to be swimming from a large floe, about half a mile away, toward the ship. A boat was quickly lowered and manned, and I took up my position, with my bear-catching apparatus, in the bows. On seeing us in pursuit, the bear whipped short around and made for the ice which he had left.

He was too late, however. Gradually the

The bear was a huge male.

boat overhauled him. I popped the loop over his head, snapped the twine holding it, and the boathook and had on my line the heaviest "rub" I had ever attempted to land.

How he struggled and lashed the water, churning it into foam, now and then turning over to gnaw at the rope that held him! But his efforts were of no avail, and his resistance was short-lived.

Unfortunately for this bear and for ourselves, I had had the tip of my left thumb taken off a short time—only a few days previously. In the struggle with the bear I lost the bandage, and my thumb began to bleed profusely. In order that I might tie it up again, I handed the end of the line to the harpooner behind me.

After working at the bandage for a couple of minutes, I turned round to find the bear drawn up to the ring-bolt, with his tongue hanging out. The harpooner had hauled him up tight to the bows, and had made the line fast to the thwart.

In response to my hurried order to "slacken off," the man got the line free after some fumbling, but was too late the bear was dead. Feeling very much like executioners, we towed the carcass to the ship. It was a male cub, a little more than half-grown.

The next morning a bear was sighted, lying on a large "pan-piece" about a mile across. "Now's your chance, Jackson," said Captain Gray, as he came down into the cabin. So my tackle and gear again, the two boats were lowered, and volunteer crews—as it was considered risky business—were called for and selected.

I started off in command of one boat; the first mate had charge of the second. We pulled round the floe to the farther side, and there lay in wait behind a ridge of hummocks at the water's edge, the mate's boat taking up a position two hundred yards in our rear. In the meantime, a party of men with rifles, who had been landed from the ship, advanced across the floe toward the slumbering bear, shouting and firing, in order to drive him off the ice into the water toward us.

Gradually the shouts and shots came nearer and nearer, and we could see the bear slowly coming toward our boat.

The suspense and excitement became intense as the critical moment drew near. "Steady now, lads, steady, and keep your oars free!" I whispered, as I clutched my lassoing apparatus more firmly.

The bear came to the water at a spot about thirty yards from our boat, and after a casual glance at us, as if he considered us very small fry, splashed in. For a few moments he was sufficiently far on his voyage to enable us to cut him off from the floe he had left.

"Pull away!" I shouted, and off we went in full career. Five stout pairs of arms strained their utmost for a minute or two before the distance between us and our quarry materially lessened. Our friends in the white coat was a powerful swimmer.

Once he tried to head back for the floe, but seeing that we were in the way, he kept on the course he first had marked out. Gradually we overhauled him, and a spurt placed us within striking distance.

"Hiss!" snarled the bear, as the noose went over his head. Unfortunately a paw became also encircled by it, and off his head it slipped. I had to fit up the noose again, and the chase had to be renewed. This proved rather longer than the first one, and a good half-mile was covered before we again overtook him. This time the noose did not slip, and I hooked him quite securely.

Then there was an uproar! All the lions, tigers and bears in the zoo might have been suddenly let loose, to judge by the noise made by that one bear; and I felt as if I were tied up to an earthquake. First he dashed forward with the utmost impetuosity, and then, on being pulled up by the rope, returned to the boat, seized the gunwale with his teeth and tore at the woodwork. He quickly demolished the canvas which covered harpoon gun, and it was only by quick maneuvering that I saved the gun itself from going over the side.

Next he tried to free his neck by hauling himself up the gunwale, and I really feared we should have been capsized soon. The men in the bows began to retreat toward the stern. I commanded the paws with an oar to make him let go, but in vain.

Then some one conceived a brilliant idea, and a wet swab was passed forward to me. With this I struck him in the face. The effect was magical; he dropped back into the water as if a bullet had hit him. A heavy oar he didn't mind a bit, but a wet swab was too horrible and barbarous—something quite outside the pale of civilized warfare!

The wet swab, however, soon lost all its terrors for him, and he became as indifferent to this as to the oar. Several times matters became extremely critical. With the boat lifted over almost to capsizing by the weight of the bear hanging to the gunwale, and his gleaming teeth and furious eyes within three feet of my face, and I stood in the bows, any slight mistake or momentary loss of presence of mind would have enabled him to take possession of me. But I stood my ground, saw the tables on us.

After half an hour of this tooth-and-nail struggle his tremendous strength began to give out, and his desperate efforts relaxed. Then the second boat with the mate in charge came up, and from that a second noose was passed over his hind quarters. Thus he was rendered secure by fore and aft, and placed quite at our mercy.

Slowly we paddled back to the Erik, which steamed down toward us. On coming alongside, a strap was passed round the bear's body and up in the air he went by means of tackle, like so much baggage or a bale of wool, and was dropped safely into the iron cage which had been fitted up in the main-hatch. The movable bars in the top were then secured, and the most exciting bit of sport I had ever been engaged in was over.

"I thought he would have eaten the lot of you!" was Captain Gray's exclamation, as I came on board.

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Never a Monthly is a large, illustrated magazine, printed in colors and containing the writings of the popular authors of our day as well as an abundance of instructive matter that will be very valuable to you. Remember, you can secure for us as many subscribers as you can, club of ten at 50c each, and we send you free another set of six beautiful roses, as described above, all charges paid.

Begin your work at once when sending your clubs, state what roses you want and we will have the roses on hand and ship them promptly and you can depend on us to please you.

BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Dept. W, Boyce Bldg., Chicago

To Ledger Readers.

Thousands of persons seeing The CHICAGO LEDGER are anxious to receive it regularly and we are making a very liberal offer. The subscription to the Weekly CHICAGO LEDGER is $1.00, and everyone who sends in $1.00 within the next 30 days for a year's subscription will receive FREE a KING CAMERA with Complete Outfit for developing and printing pictures, including Developing Powders, Plates and all necessary Chemicals. We send the CAMERA FREE and prepay charges on it.

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The CHICAGO LEDGER is distinctly in the front rank of papers. As a purveyor of Romance and Entertaining Literature it has no superior. No other American Story Paper illustrates its matter so profusely or with such care; no other periodical devoted to fiction and humor gives to the expense of using color work generally in its pages, as is done in THE LEDGER. Improvement is manifest in the quality of the stories published, and this improvement will continue. The new form of the LEDGER, sixteen pages instead of eight, makes it convenient to preserve the fascinating novels which appear in its pages, both for yourself and your friends. By sending us $1.00 you get the LEDGER for one year and the KING CAMERA, which is a first-class CAMERA IN ALL RESPECTS. It takes picture 2 inches by 2 inches in size and is complete and ready for use. Embrace this splendid opportunity at once while the offer is open. Address,

CHICAGO LEDGER, BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO

FOR MEN ONLY.

Free Trial Package of This New Discovery Mailed to Every Man Sending Name and Address—Quickly Restores Strength and Vigor.

Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being mailed to all who will write the State Medical Institute. They found so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the institute has decided to distribute free trial packages to all who write. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele, or emaciation of parts, can now cure themselves at home.

The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. Send coupon to the State Medical Institute, 344 Elektron Building, Fort Wayne, Indiana, stating that you desire one of their free trial packages will be promptly sent you. The institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who do not like to leave home to be treated and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. No C. O. D. scheme or restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample carefully sealed in plain package so that its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.

CARD PLAYERS Have what you want. Catalogue free. Card Co., 1312 Ann St., Newark, Ohio

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MARRY Lady of Means wishes to marry; handsome; worth $50,000; object, home. Particulars for stamp. THE REVIEW, A. 14 Sherman St., Chicago.

MARRIAGEABLE Ladies and Gentlemen, want correspondents; many Wealthy; send 10c. for list with particulars. Social Exchange, Dept. 5, Dallas, Texas.

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PERSONAL Your Fate or if it takes a query and hand out. Write today. Will send full particulars and date of marriage, name of husband or wife, etc., etc., by return mail. Prof. Leo, Box 1988, Boston, Mass.

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GET MARRIED 10,000 Ladies are anxious to marry. Many very beautiful and wealthy. Send stamp for big list with photos. Mrs. M. A. Harris, Box 1088, Kansas City, Mo.

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PRETTY BLONDES A Brunettes want to marry rich men; many wealthy; many fortunes. Residences and Photos sent free, sealed. P. O. Harris, 208 Monticello Ave., Dept. 75, Chicago, Ill.

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MEN

Have you a frenzied desire to pass water? Use a sound or catheter? Have you any unnatural thing discharging? Are you afflicted with

STRICTURE

Enlarged Prostate. Lost Vitality.

Sixteen Painless Stricture Cure eradicates every trace of these supposedly incurable ills. No cutting, dilating, drugging or bougies. We guarantee a thorough and permanent cure, and you can make satisfactory arrangements to

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It costs nothing to investigate. Our remedy is a direct local application to the affected parts, being harmless and painless. We will mail in plain sealed envelope to any address, our interesting book, "An Honest Talk about Men" (64 pages) FREE.

FREE TRIAL 15 DAYS' TREATMENT.

THE U. S. A. MED. CO., 110 Elm Block Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

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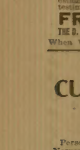
WEAK MEN CURE YOURSELF FREE.



Persons suffering from Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Sexual Weakness, run-down or abused conditions of the nervous system, etc., can get the Prescription for a positive home cure by writing to Mr. Thos. Bradford, 20 Bradford Bldg., Cincinnati, O. This advertiser is a manufacturer of Hardward Specialities and is not depending on medicine business for profit (see his advertisement below.) He has taken up this work because there is so much humbug in medicine and the general publicity for his business pays him for doing it. He has invented almost every advertised scheme out, but never found any virtue in anything but this wonderful combination he has taken hold of, and wants all sufferers to have it free. Just write in confidence to his private address as above and he will gladly send the Prescription with full directions in plain sealed envelope.

WANTED Reliable man to open Branch of-fice to sell by Sample and Catalogue. Write T. R. BRADFORD, 220 Bradford Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Capturing a Polar Bear.

(Continued.)

The bear was a huge male, and from knowledge I have obtained of other hunters in accurate weighing, I estimate that he must have scaled nine hundred and fifty pounds.

Our captive behaved like a lapdog during the rest of the day, and gobbled up some pork crackings the cook gave to him. He seemed to been accustomed to dine on board ship—at his table, for his appetite was simply vast. His good behavior was the subject of general comment, but these illusions were to be rudely dispelled in the following night.

A great uproar on the main-deck was heard at about seven o'clock, and one of the mates rushed into the cabin, exclaiming that the bear was loose on deck. Hurriedly tumbling into a coat, up I went, with a rifle in my hand. An animal had forced his head and shoulders through the iron bars of the cage, and that several of the crew were up in the rigging as they expected him at any moment to take charge of the ship.

Not wishing to shoot him, I picked up a captain-rod and hit the heavy bear over the head, which caused him to drop back into the cage. Then I took a good-humored, and whenever he placed a paw on the top bars, which were bent like wire, I brought the hammer down upon the fingers, and kept him in check until oars were lashed over the aperture he had made by cramping up the bars, and he was again secure.

One of the sailors had played a hose upon him. He objected to a bath, and refused to try the cage all round like a monkey, found that the bath was cold.

On the following evening when the captain of the Hope came on board to see our captive, there was an unexpected visitor. Old Gray, very rashly walking about on top of the cage, which was quite strong enough for that, to our captive off, fell, and a foot eclipsed through, so that the animal had a pretty good larder within reach.

Fortunately, a sailor punched him in the mouth with a handspike, and thus managed to loose the captain's foot, and enabling us to take command of the place of safety. This experience quite cured Captain Gray, and that part of the bear-tamer.

Happily, the bear had fixed in the foot only the canine teeth on one side of his jaw, and so the wound was not fatal, but caused him to turn through the flesh, and the captain was lame for two months afterward. He had a lucky escape, for he might have had his foot torn off and the bear secured a firm grip.

Without any further incident of note we were safely landed at Peterhead in September, when he again nearly broke loose in being removed from the ship.—Verde's Companion.

Famous Prison-Breakers.

A little-regarded subject is to be made prominent in the recently published translation of a French volume which narrates the most famous of all the escapes of state prisoners have evaded their jailers and made their way to freedom. The French writer has collected material for his book made during the civil war, and, for instances, interviewed a number of fugitives living out of Libby prison, an achievement which is ranked among the most plucky and daring of all similar perform-ances. Similar to Rose's escape were those of Baron Trenck, Benvenuto Cellini and Casanova, all of whom when under duress managed to work their way out of prison by indomitable will and extraordinary labor, tunneling inch by inch with whatever implements chance or their wits placed at hand.

The impromptu or half-accidental escapes recorded in history have been frequent. Of this class of evasion scarcely a more notable instance is recorded than the flight of Louis Napoleon from the chateau of Ham. To be precise it was less than a stroll. The prince just walked out of the prison and made good his escape. It was admirably simple, but it was also very ingenious and risky in the highest degree. It could not have been managed without assistance and altogether the feat belongs to the class of escapes extraordinary. Worthy of a place beside this exploit is the escape of the Comte de Lavalette from the conciergerie in Paris in 1815, dressed in the clothes of his wife, who was allowed to dine with him in the prison. This was one of the most audacious and perilous efforts of the kind ever made, but De Lavalette had a strong inducement, for he lay under sentence of death.

At the present day the heroic escape on the grand scale, or the escape that depends on tools of any sort, is very rarely possible. Prisoners are no longer left unguarded in their cells; cells are constantly overhauled, waits, floors and ceilings sounded, gratings examined, and the arch system would render it difficult for a prisoner to carry on with him the very smallest file or gimlet. In English prison workshops they have an ingenious way of keeping an eye and check on the tools in daily use. The tools are hung on large black boards and the form of every tool is painted white on the place of the board to which it belongs; the prisoner who attempts a theft is accordingly betrayed at once by the telltale outline which shows that some instrument is missing.

The Fire Demons.

A startling exhibition has recently been given in Paris by two young Americans, whom the people there call the "Fire Demons." So remarkable was this exhibition that a well-known scientific paper became interested in it, and its investigation has resulted in the discovery of the secret.

One of the most startling feats performed by the young men was to stand on the stage, in full view of the audience, and, without any apparatus in sight, cause long and brilliant flames to dart from the tips of their fingers, and from their mouths, lasting at least half a minute. No one could discover how this was done, though every chance was given to the audience to do so.

Here is the explanation: Dressed throughout in brilliant red, the men stood on a carpet which had been soaked in benzine and raise them up in full view, but really to contain the half-chemical, half-mechanical device by which the marvel was produced. This box concealed two rubber bags containing chlorine gas and compressed by weights. To the heel of each man's right shoe was fixed a valve-like device terminating in a spout. This spout was the point of entrance for the gas.

Attached to the spout was a slender tube of vulcanized rubber, which, being of the same red color as the clothes worn by the performer, was not seen by the audience. The tube was fixed to the leg and the back, and inside both sleeves, next to the skin. At the wrist the tube connected with a very small tube, very flexible and of the same color of flesh, and this ran along the inside of the fingers to the tip of the finger in an opening under the nail. A similar tube ran along the neck and under the chin as far as the lips.

The only connection between the small tube on his body and the one that ran up from the gas bag to the box beneath him, the performer had to place his heel carefully on a certain spot in the carpet. Then the gas began to flow into the small tube and as it poured out of the opening at the finger tips and lips in a fine mist, it ignited by a spark from an electrical machine concealed in his clothing.

So the two "Fire Demons" turned out to be nothing but clever tricksters, after all.

Josh Billing's Philosophy.

Git every one you meet, my boy, the time ov day, but don't tell them what it is, unless you make him cirl, don't waste enny more fra-grance on the cuss.

There is a gude deal ov religion in this world that is like a life-preserver—only put on when there is danger ov drowning, and put on then, half the time, bind side before.

The man who has no enemies duz not mix and wimmin engage in, there is, after all, but very little ov it in the world; we are all ov us prone to stumble.

Pedigree may be valuabel for a man, but I prefer to find out what he is worth for the first question that is asked is, "What kan he go out and show?"

I have never known a man tew die at three-skore years and ten possessed of the welth that he got.

Side by side ov Plain Truth stands Common Sense—two ov the gretest warriors time has ever produced.

Diogenese was a grater man than Alexander the Great, although he never had his fortune, but his fortune was a tub was all he wanted tew live in. Welth would not flatter him, nor could poverty make him afraid.

Vanity is the most jealous disease; I hav saw seen a man that couldn't look at his own composure upon a peakok spreading his appendix tew the morning sun.

True valor is like honesty, it enters into all that a man eets or duz.

One ov the hardest things tew teach a child is tew tell the truth, but it should be done, if enny child ever is.

The man who is always anxious to assume a responsibility is either a phool or a knave, I don't know which.

The man who thinks "he kant do it" is always more than half right.

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Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for the same price and under the same guarantee if you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, sore throat, pimples, copper colored spots, ulcers on any part of the body, hair or eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. $500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address COOK REMEDY COMPANY, 1730 Masonic Temple, - Chicago, Ill.

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INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, night losses, varicocele, etc., and enlarge small weak organs to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. Knapp, Medical Co., 2 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and they will gladly send you a book free in plain wrapper so any man may easily cure himself at home. This is a most generous offer, and the following extracts taken from their daily mail show what some of them say concerning it:

Health, Strength and Vigor for Men.

"Dear Sirs:—Please accept my sincere thanks for your offer of cure. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sirs:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sirs:—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making out the receipt as directed, and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am pleased and delighted in size, strength, and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain, sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking and they want every man to have it.

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MARRY $10,000 WE HAVE PROPERTY TO **MARRY** STRAIGHT DEAL CO., BOX 88, Kansas City, Mo.

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Man's Mission on Earth

MEDICAL BOOK FREE.

Know Thyself Manual, a book for men only, sent Free, postpaid, sealed, to every male reader mentioning this paper. Be the owner of a perfect man. Secure the full preservation, the Gold Medal Prize Treatise, the best medical book of the age, 300 pp., with plates, diagrams and prescriptions. Exquisite Library Edition, full gilt, ONLY 25 cents, cover, beautiful elevated edition, 50c. GET THE BEST. Address the Peabody Medical Institute, 4 Bulfinch st., opp. Revere House, Boston, Mass., the oldest and best in this country. Write today for this book; keys to health and happiness. Consultation, in person or by

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CURE YOURSELF!

BIG G cures in 1 to 5 days Unnatural Discharges, Inflammations, Irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

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Weak Men Cured Free

HEALTH, VIGOR, HAPPINESS.

A most wonderful prescription for the home cure of Lost Manhood, Wasting Drains, Shrinkage, Lack of Development, etc., resulting from youthful folly, overwork, worry, Nervous Debility, or from any form of Sexual Weakness, is being mailed free to all who write for it. Every man who suffers should write at once straight to the mark and the sufferer does not have to wait a lifetime before finding and applying the simplest of facts, indeed, the most amazing cures are being daily produced. All the sufferer needs to do is to send his name and address, and the free medicine will be sent him at once by mail in plain wrapper, entirely without cost to him. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, HOODUS, CONN.

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Wireless Telegraphy.

In order to follow intelligently the advance of wireless telegraphy from the beginning some rough ideas must be had of the modern physicist's view regarding the nature of electrical phenomena. To this end all space must be regarded as permeated by a something termed the luminiferous ether. Not only does this ether permeate the spaces between the heavenly bodies and our atmosphere (which conception offers little difficulty to the lay mind), but it also penetrates all solids. Further, its nature is such that the movement even of solids is not in the least restrained by such impenetration, the closest analogy being that of a sieve, representing the solid, being moved about in water, representing the ether.

The ether is the sea, not only of all electrical phenomena, but also of all the phenomena of light and heat. All of these, apparently so distinct, are but the result of vibrations or waves on the ether, the apparent differences being due only to differences in the length of the waves and the rapidity with which they occur, just as one musical note differs from another in the same particulars, only that the sound waves are air waves and not ether waves.

Now with the usual telegraphic methods the current, as is termed, is sent or directed through space by means of a metallic conductor. Actually nothing passes through the wire, as is implied by the use of the word "current." What actually takes place is the transmission of energy along the path of the wire by means of vibrations in the neighboring ether. That is, the metal of the wire acts merely as a guide for the ether waves to the destination desired.

In wireless telegraphy ether vibrations are also set up at the transmitting station, but these, having no conducting guide, radiate in all directions through space, and a small percentage of them arrive at the receiving station, and by means of suitable apparatus are made appreciable by the senses or recorded.

Evidence of Success.

raul—Percy, what is your idea of success?

Percy—My idea of success? Well, it is having people run after me who used to run away from me.

A Profita'le Remedy.

Peddler—Buy the last cigar in the box? Tompkins—Thanks, but I am going to break off smoking.

Peddler (eagerly)—This is the best way, sir.

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GRAN-SOLVENT CRATONE will dissolve, digest and remove Stricture in 15 days, relieving ENLARGED PROSTATE GLAND, restoring lost strength and continues the Seminal Ducts, forever stopping Drains and Emissions.

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The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They complete the very latest styles, and are unsurpassed for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. These months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you are interested in fashions you cannot afford to miss it.

REMEMBER, to send us exactly as it appears, and give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do so have stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to confirm money. PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

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FIVE DAYS' TRIAL TREATMENT

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The Von Mohl Company invites all men suffering from Lost Manhood, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Weakness of any description in the Nerves or Sexual Organs, to send their names and receive a five days' treatment. This will prove the wonderful vitalizing powers of "CALTHOS." After using it five days the sufferers will find new vigor in their organs, new fire in their manhood, new blood in their veins, new ambition, and rapid progress toward the longest lost feelings and sensations of younger days.

This liberal free offer is genuine. There is no swindling C. O. D. or prescription scheme connected with it. The five days' treatment is sent by sealed mail to all on request, wrapped in a plain package, and full printed instructions accompany the medicine, so that no patient becomes his own doctor and cures himself at home.

It does not make any difference what your weakness—whether bad habits in youth, or excess, or overwork, or business troubles. "CALTHOS" will effect a cure, no matter what the cause or the disease may be called by doctors.

The Von Mohl Company treats all correspondence in perfect confidence. Under no conditions will it make public the name of the thousands who have written hopelessly for help, but in accordance to robust manhood, after other medicines and appliances have proven valueless. "CALTHOS" is regarded by the leading men and French savans, and the subjects in these countries have come to be perfect models of physical manhood. Cures are effected at all ages from twenty to eighty years. There is no case except where the stage of insanity or imanity has been reached which it will not radically, quickly and permanently cure. Sexual weakness does not cure itself. It grows worse from week to week. Each day aggravates the mental and physical anguish.

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The New Scientific Method for the Cure of Vital Weakness, Varicocele, Stricture, Gleet, Catarrhal or Mucous Discharges, Irritation and Enlargement of the Prostate Gland, Bladder and Urinary Disorders. Occasion serve tells us that a remedy applied directly to the seat of any disease must give the best results.

WRITE for Trial Treatment today, and satisfy yourself that the Crayon will do all we claim for them. Complicated cases, which have baffled all other treatments, are now being cured by this scientific treatment. We will also send our book, fully illustrated with forty engravings, giving valuable information and advice. Mailed in Private Envelope. Consultation free. Office hours, 8 to 5. Sundays, 10 to 1. Mailed by mail in a plain, sealed box, prepaid. REFERENCE—Read banks and leading business men of Columbus.

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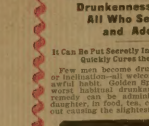

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Animals and Birds Tell Time.

Do animals and birds have within themselves instinctive consciousness of time? Naturalists believe that they do, and many well-known facts observed by different men at different places lead color to that view.

The oriole arrives in Massachusetts every year about the 18th day of May, paying little attention to differences of weather. He may have his late seasons and his early seasons, but the very large number of years in which his arrival has been noted on the tenth day indicates that his chronological machinery is like that of a cuckoo-clock pops him into view at a given moment.

Birds which migrate southward early, not waiting for frost or cold winds, also seem to be aware when the date has arrived for their departure. Many king-birds, for instance, may be seen in Massachusetts on the last day of August, but very few are ever seen after the first day of September.

The woodchuck knows when the dime has come for him to "den up." He not only feels the necessity of rolling himself up in his own sustaining fat and going to sleep for the winter, but he feels it at a particular time, quite regardless of the state of the weather. Woodchucks have been domesticated, and allowed to make in a warm place with all the food they needed, yet they woke up when the regular time came for them for them to do so.

They awake in the spring with much the same regularity. The "groundhog day" legend is ridiculous. It is, of course, more reasonable to suppose that in a country like ours, with a range of climate from the semi-tropical to the arctic, a creature will actually, he owned the regiment. He joined with his master, but from that day he ceased to be a private personage, and became the regimental dog. When the "fall in" sounded Towser took his place at the head of the regiment, wet or fine, in daylight or darkness, he was always there. We had supplied him, as became a military dog on active service, with a nat coat of khaki paint, and emblazoned on his back by way of facings in red paint, where his name and regiment, and there is no doubt he was thoroughly proud of his get-up, says B. Garland Matthews in the Empire Review. Off duty he was to a large degree, and though sticking very firmly to his own tent, in spite of the many temptations offered elsewhere, he shared his favors very equally among those of us who formed the inmates, sleeping in turn with each cuddled up under the blankets, and being quite impartial in accepting his rations from any that offered. So he continued, the friend of a few, the friend of all, caring nothing for fame and dearly loving a skirmish, until the fatal day of Colenso, when he had come out as usual, and, sitting beside his master, significant his approval by excited barks. A few yards advance was made, and the man struck full in the chest by a bullet, pitched forward on his head to move no more. The dog was surprised, then distressed, then overwhelmed. He had seen men killed before, but at the end the old affection for his master proved strongest, and, realizing in truth, he sat beside him with his head bowed down, and shivered all over. In this position he remained for over half an hour, for he was still there when the regiment retired again. At length another bullet laid

SOME ONE ELSE DID IT.

"Oh, Willie, you are all battered up again. How did you do it?"
"Please, ma'am, I didn't do it."

come out of his hole everywhere on the second day of February, and then regulate his future conduct according to the weather on that day, staying out if it be bad and going back if it be good.

But the squirrel belongs properly not to the woodchuck, but to the badger, and to the European badger at that, and moreover, the Germans give us a version explaining why the badger is a good prophet. They say that the badger peeps out of his hole on Candlemas day, and draws back when he has seen the reflection of the sun. The persistence of the woodchuck legend may thus be traced to the superstition of the chuck's European relative.

A naturalist who has studied this interesting characteristic of animals tells a story from his own observation, which seems to show that sense of nature may have a still more exact sense of time than is indicated by the regularity of migrations and hibernations. He once enjoyed the acquaintance of a mouse which, at exactly at 2:45 o'clock every afternoon, was in the habit of venturing out of a hole, nosecting and making his way to a pot of paste on the table, the crust of which he then proceeded to nibble. No "rara-bumbo," having his train in mind, could be more regular in arriving at the breakfast table than this tame mouse was to coming for his daily nibble of paste.

How did the mouse know when it was 2:45? The naturalist could not answer the question, but he is certain that the little creature had some way of measuring time.

Fell Beside His Master.

Nominally, Towser belonged to his master; him beside his master. Those that the Boers grasped the situation and buried them together.

Tree That Turns to Stone.

There is a tree that grows in Mexico called the "chipil," or stone tree. It is of enormous proportions both in circumference and height. It has a number of branches covered with comparatively glossy leaves of a yellowish-green color. The wood is extremely fine and easily worked in a green state. It is not given to either warping or splitting. The most remarkable thing about it is that after being cut the wood gets gradually harder, and in the course of a few years it is almost petrified, whether left in the open air or buried in the ground. Whether houses can be built that would in a few years become completely fireproof, and would last as though built of stone.

Bird-Catching Spider.

The giant spider lives in clefts of trees in the northern part of South America. They hunt for small birds at night. The spiders are used as playthings by native children, who lead them around by strings.

Ostriches.

Ostriches can travel at great speed. This has long been known, and the day may not be far distant when ostriches will be seen in all large cities drawing sulkies and other light vehicles.

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